

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

JUNE 1905

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“EFFICIENCY”

LORD ROSEBERY, in the Chesterfield oration, wove many witty and pretty phrases about that blessed word “Efficiency.” It was also the text of several subsequent speeches made by him and his lieutenants among the “Liberal Imperialists,” that little group of unfollowed leaders; but the voice which came from the lonely furrow has proved, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness. It received as an answer its echoes—only that and nothing more. Not even one Radical was offended by it. It is, however, not of Lord Rosebery or of his faithful lieutenants that I intend to write. I merely borrow from him—with the foregoing acknowledgment—the word which he invented, and apply it to the Unionist party, as—with the comrade-word, Loyalty—the key to the solution of our present difficulties.

The past two years have certainly been trying to loyal members of the Conservative party. We have been vigorously pulled along an uncertain way by one of our leaders; and, until recently, not helped by the speeches and tactics of the other. Annoying and embarrassing also, though less annoying and less embarrassing than the afore-mentioned causes of confusion, has been the extraordinary series of by-elections which ended with the crowning disaster at Brighton. Despite all this (I shall have something more to say of by-elections before I have finished) those of us who are loyal Conservatives—true to the principles laid down by Lord

Beaconsfield and the late Lord Salisbury—need not despair. We have been through a very depressing season of dismay, long drawn out ; none the less, it is even yet not too late to learn the lesson and practise the wisdom that experience should have taught us. Lord Randolph Churchill once referred to a defeat at a bye-election as a “ blessing in disguise.” It is an opportunity for realising and undoing errors, and escaping from the pathway to disaster. What Brighton said recently when the forces of the Opposition could be concentrated upon it, Brighton may quite possibly unsay when those forces are dispersed amongst the constituencies at a General Election, supposing an effort is made to stop the mischiefs lately at work. There is still an opportunity, during the coming summer and autumn months, for the Unionist party to set its house in order. If that is done, if present weaknesses are eradicated and future splits prevented, there is every reason why we should go into the electoral contest with a good heart and hopefulness. Efficiency—efficiency in administration and in the conduct of business in the Lower House ; and Loyalty—loyalty to the Prime Minister—are the essentials. There is time yet for both to be practised in all departments of the Ministry, and for victory at the polls to be achieved.

Some of the Ministers are undoubtedly thoroughly efficient in their present departments. Not only their works, but their freedom from popular censure prove it. Lord Lansdowne, as Foreign Minister, has shown himself a far-seeing statesman of high ideals. The treaty with Japan, the present cordial relations with France, are some of the fruits of his policy. The testimony which Mr. Choate recently paid to his powers and character has only confirmed the opinion already held by Englishmen. His conduct after the North Sea outrage—one of the most difficult episodes in international politics of modern years—was entirely the right one ; though few of us—whether Liberals or Conservatives—thought so at the time. Yet we all acknowledge it now. Had the Man in the Street or the Man in the Armchair been at the Foreign Office instead of

Lord Lansdowne, there would have been war on the instant, a war in Europe, the bloodiest of wars, laying up debts of death and treasure which would have been worse than appalling. Instead of such resultant load of evil we had Peace with Honour; and Lord Lansdowne—its bringer—has earned the spoken gratitude of the people. He is one of the efficient members of the Government, and so does not share that counterblast of unpopularity which others of his colleagues must endure.

I have adduced Lord Lansdowne merely as an example. With such as he—the right man in the right place, doing the right work—in all departments, the hand of the adversary is weakened. Nor should to attain this be so difficult. It is true that time is short, but the political memory is shorter. Mistakes have been made, and their costliness proved in the polling-booths; but the country at large is still, at heart, in sympathy with the Unionists, who have positive principles which the Liberals have not, and is quite willing to forget earlier blunders in the present prospect of efficient good government.

A more hopeful condition of affairs has already begun. The Prime Minister's statement on Imperial Defence, made to the House of Commons on May 11, has been like a trumpet-blast to his followers. It was statesmanlike in the true meaning of statesmanship, and has reminded the people generally, what not a few Conservatives were forgetting, that Mr. Balfour is no mere flâneur-philosopher, but a man of practical ideas and energy when it suits him. It should suit him to be such now, and during the coming months or years of Premiership, for it certainly is what the country requires. We want a man at the helm of State who is efficient always, and not only when the worst of the storm is threatening the ship. It is not enough to do as Lord Melbourne, for instance, did—hide his real self under an affectation of playful indifference, and blow feathers in the presence of deputations. Mr. Balfour has in recent years taken that aspect of his predecessor too much for his model. It may have done in early Victorian times. It will

not do nowadays. The growth of Imperial responsibilities has increased the earnestness of all of us—from peeresses to borough councillors—and we want as leader of the people a man who will treat our affairs efficiently and gravely, as if they were his own affairs. Often in the last two years, when we have been pondering over vague phrases and sentences which to two sections of the Unionist party meant directly different things, we have longed for a return of the Arthur Balfour who was the best, most practical, pluckiest Irish Secretary in history. The great speech of May 11 has proved that our longing is to be realised. The Prime Minister has found himself. It should not be too late for the united Unionist party to find him also, and follow him with confidence to victory through the ordeal of the polls.

But there is need for immediate action, even in the case of the great problem of Imperial Defence, if we are to get and keep the confidence of the people; without that confidence nothing can be conquered or retained. There are not a few stumbling-blocks at present in the way. The first and most formidable is the War Office. I have no intention, certainly no wish, to accentuate the differences that are said to exist. As a Conservative, I admire A. as well as B. If I applaud A., it must not be thought that I am indirectly decrying B., for both B. and A. are and have been good and able men, doing their best under circumstances of unusual difficulty. None the less, until order has taken the place of chaos, until efficiency displaces red-tape, the War Office will be a blessing, not in disguise, to the Opposition; who, be it remembered, were not one halfpennyworth the better in the same department when they were the people's trustees. Nevertheless, the history of the past four years, as regards Army Reform, has been so unfortunate as to make it difficult of defence at public meetings. To have one great scheme of re-organisation elaborated, set partly in working; and then, with little more than a scratch of a quill, shattered, is to give encouragement to the widespread, and no doubt largely undeserved, opinion, that the

scheme was flimsy and ill-thought-out, built by one young man in a hurry, and destroyed by another young man also in a hurry. As I have said, I am no partisan of A. or B. Both are able men. I am convinced that both are sincere and patriotic; but the fact—the damning fact in the eyes of the constituencies—remains, that while there has been a general overturn, there has been little of the necessary new creation. The phoenix has been burnt, but out of the ashes no new phoenix has arisen; and the country regards with something nearer anger than indignation the fact of the Army being more expensive than ever, while its efficiency is not nearly proportionate to the cost. The continued scarcity of recruits, the delay in re-arming the artillery with up-to-date guns, revelations of extravagance in administration, as well as of want of consideration for officers of proved worth who happen not to be possessors of private means, the mistaken treatment of the Volunteers, are all much in the minds of voters at by-elections. At once there should be root-and-branch reform, that is what efficiency means in connection with our War Department; and the work should not be beyond the powers of the present Cabinet. Why have the recommendations of the Esher Commission been ignored? The way reports are received and neglected is one of the amazing mysteries of latter-day government. Expensive parliamentary committees or commissions are appointed to inquire into some great glaring question of the day. Evidence is procured at large cost to the State. Witnesses come from all parts at the nation's expense to give the benefit of their experience and opinions to the commission. An elaborate report is prepared, written, printed, circulated. It creates a furore for nine days. The Press, with head-line, special article, and leader, drives its teachings home; and then—and then, it is forgotten; the report is made waste paper of, or allowed to collect dust on ministerial shelves; while the old evils continue unabated. The special mischief connected with the neglect of the Esher report is that it was half-followed, half ignored. Better far to have been consistent one way or the

other, to have accepted its principles generally, and put them into effect, or to have rejected them in their entirety, than to have eradicated impatiently some uncertain iniquities and let other uncertain iniquities continue flourishing. Anyhow, something must be done at once, and properly. What is that to be? Well, we have an admirable example from the sister department, the Admiralty—another instance of the required efficiency and consequent freedom from unpopularity. What Sir John Fisher has been to Lord Selborne, let X. be to Mr. Arnold Forster. I am not qualified to work out the equation as to who X. shall be. Lord Rosebery, in the Chesterfield series of Imperial sermons, named Lord Kitchener for the post. What Lord Rosebery generally suggests, Conservatives and Radicals, as a rule, prefer not to adopt, because his lordship is somewhat of a feather-bed politician, more generous with suggestions than with elbow-grease. He calls for spade work, then looks through study-windows at other people digging. He points to a much-scrawled-upon slate, and tells the Liberals to clean it, but keeps his own sponge in his private satchel. That is why his blessed word "Efficiency" has been of so little effect among the Liberals—though the same word, properly applied, may be of saving use to us. But for once, his suggestion of a distinguished, experienced, military strong-man, associated with the Secretary of State for War as Sir John Fisher has been associated with the Lords of the Admiralty, is a good one. Its immediate adoption would at once allay half the anger, contempt, and distrust, with which the nation at large regards the War Office.

Leaving Pall Mall and coming to the Treasury, we find another great question which looks very ugly in the eyes of voters, the increasing enormous expenditure and load of debt which the country has to endure. This is no fault of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not a failure; on the contrary, he is one of those men of practical mind and indubitable rectitude whom the public service needs. A young man, placed in a position of the

highest responsibility at a time of unusual difficulties, he has supported the responsibility and dealt with the difficulties in a manner which bespeaks the coming statesman. The two Budgets which he has presented to Parliament have not only been workmanlike statements of Imperial expenditure and considerate apportionments of the national revenue, but also strictly in accord with the canons of taxation laid down by Adam Smith. The Chancellor's father's son might have been suspected of endeavours to prepare by his Budgets the way the Tariff Reformers wish to take; but Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been perfectly loyal to the Prime Minister and to the country. The most suspicious Free Trader could not find in either the 1904 or the 1905 Budget a proposal at which, as a Free Trader, he could cavil. None the less, this growing vast expenditure and the grievous burden of debt now to be borne, is a real drawback to industry—it fetters capital and hinders trade; and while it continues without more thorough efforts upon the part of the Government to reduce it, it will be a joy to orators on Liberal hustings, and a weakness to Unionists. The income-tax payer is a patient creature. He has been willing to wait, feeding his patience with hopeful imaginings; but he is a voter, too, and when an election is on an unrelieved income-tax payer is tempted to turn. The Chancellor's inability to take even a penny off the shilling—an amount it ought never to have reached in peace-time—was a disappointment which caused more than murmurings. One of the first requirements of our leaders is a vigorous effort to make economies. What the Admiralty has done—and to the efficient Admiralty, be it remembered, we owed the surplus—all departments of the Government must endeavour to do. Imperial expenditure is already too great. It must be reduced for more than mere party reasons. Departments must try to do better work at lower cost. The national finance needs careful, thorough overhauling. So also does the finance of the municipalities. The trouble is that not only has Imperial expenditure and the national debt gone up by leaps and

bounds, but the expenditure and debt of the county and borough councils is not a bad second in the race of extravagance. The burden of rates is becoming even more serious than the burden of taxes. No true man wishes the governors of his town to be asleep, behind the times, inefficient; but the present complaint is of the opposite evil. The borough councillor rushes in where private enterprise fears to tread; consequently the rate-bill becomes annually more and more an unwelcome document. Some of the results we have seen already at Poplar and East Ham. There is ample scope for immediate ministerial endeavour to encourage efficient economical administration among the municipalities, as well as in Government offices. If something is not done, and at once, there will be ugly tales told by borough auditors, and the world of investors will experience a few earthquakes. It is an opportunity for a master; that is why, as a Unionist, I would rather it were not left a legacy to a Liberal Government.

Then, if the confidence of the electorate is to be regained and retained, there must be no more such blundering as was witnessed in connection with the MacDonell incident. The evil there was, to my mind, not so much in endeavouring to bring about, by some scheme of compromise, a solution of the eternal Irish question; but in the fatal uncertainty with which the problem and an opportunity were faced. Further, the loss of Mr. Wyndham is one which Ireland, the Government, and Unionism can ill afford, causing, also, as it has done, the transference to Dublin Castle of Mr. Long, who was doing good work in the right place, as President of the Local Government Board.

Home Rule—as Mr. Parnell wanted it and Mr. Gladstone wished to give it—is as dead as the dodo: but a great deal more is required than merely to keep the Union. Ireland has genuine grievances. The British Parliament, through Sir Horace Plunkett, has done much to remove many of them; but larger, equally removable, grievances remain; and the

time has come when they also might be dealt with. Exactly how they are to be treated I am not qualified or called upon to say here. The measures urged by Lord Dunraven—especially the financial proposals in his scheme—are a little too strong for Unionists to swallow ; but the time has certainly come when an attempt to kill Home Rule with compromise, in the shape of some form of devolution, might be made. The solitary speech delivered in the present Parliament by Mr. William O'Brien, that stormy petrel of the red Land League days, is extraordinary testimony to the reality of the opportunity given to Ministers. There was conciliation, friendliness, possibility of agreement, in every line of it ; very different from the theatricals and shrieks of the old agitation days. The peculiar position of Mr. Timothy Michael Healy, the cleverest among the Irishmen, giving, as it does, an example of the disunion existing among the Nationalists, is further evidence of the chance before us. Can we not seize the opportunity ? What stronger plea for confidence could be given to the constituencies than a real endeavour, while fully preserving the Union, to solve the question which has hampered legislation in the House of Commons ever since Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar made obstruction an instrument in politics ?

I have said nothing of the Fiscal Question, and intend to say nothing of the Fiscal Question, for at present it is not practical politics, and what the constituencies urgently need at the moment emphatically is practical politics. The Aliens Bill is distinctly practical politics, and if wisely carried through Committee should do much to restore public confidence in the efficacy of the Government. The weakness of the Opposition in face of the present Bill—a curious contrast to their policy and strength against last year's ill-fated effort—is evidence of that. But we want still more practical politics really to make the Unionist party the strength it was less than five years ago. There is the question of housing. The Conservative party was pretty definitely pledged to this urgent social question by the late Lord Salisbury. It is more than a party

question, for more than five years ago his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, in a speech delivered in the East End, referred to the Housing Question as of national importance. Every passing year increases the urgency of the need. It is a problem which the Unionists are especially qualified to dispose of; for, from the days of the Factory Acts, genuine domestic legislation has been a plank in the Conservative platform. As for the Fiscal Question, there is need of immediate union, otherwise Mid-Herts, Norwich, and Brighton will have successors. It is the duty of all Conservatives to rally behind Mr. Balfour, their leader. The Unionist Free Traders, influenced and persuaded by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, have already done so. Let the opposite wing in the Unionist army do likewise. There is not time for uncertainty and hesitation. The sands in the hour-glass, as measured by the Septennial Act, are running down. Before it is too late, let all who are Unionists unite. That way, and that way only, victory lies. The Empire and the country cannot afford an overwhelming Liberal triumph.

With renewed efficiency in the Government, and loyalty to the Prime Minister, difficulties will lessen; for, in truth, the Liberals have very little political capital to bless themselves with. Without the Fiscal Question and its result of disunion among the supporters of the Government, they have not a cry worth the crying. What else is there? There is Chinese labour, but that is evidently no longer worth a shout among the constituencies. As for Passive Resistance, it has only aroused enthusiasm among the political sect who have always been out-and-out advocates of Radicalism. They have spoilt themselves, because they forged an illegal weapon to strike with. To fight the law by breaking the law is comic-opera tactics, especially when the spoil yielded by the heroic victims is a redundant silver trowel or a perambulator no longer needed. Take away the Fiscal Question, and the Liberal party would stand the chance of a very handsome beating.

To return, in conclusion, to the by-elections. They have

been bad, very bad; but it was the fear of the effects of Protection which made them bad. Convince the electorate that Protection is no longer to be feared, and the chief cause of defeat is removed. But, apart from that, if our chiefs are efficient, and if we are loyal to the Prime Minister, we need not grow pale even if Brighton is out-Brightoned; for the Liberal party had a "flowing tide" once before. By-election after by-election went their way, until the General Election of 1892. Then they found a majority of forty. For three years they struggled with the opportunity to rule, and then were blown out of office by cordite, only at the subsequent General Election to be snowed under by ballot papers. From that time, until the Glasgow and Greenock speeches opened up dissensions amongst Ministerialists and gave Liberals a cause, they floundered in the slough of despond. Such was the end of an earlier "flowing tide." So it will be again, if Efficiency and Loyalty are the watchwords of the Conservatives; for the Liberals have not a Programme or a Personality worth the name—only personalities. They are a "concourse of fortuitous atoms," generally discordant, linked together temporarily by the desire for office; the gratification of that desire can have no other effect than at once to redistribute these unsympathetic particles into the condition of disunion which time has made natural to them.

"CONSERVATIVE."

THE GODDESS OF WISDOM AND LADY CAROLINE LAMB

EVERY one has read, and most people have enjoyed, "The Marriage of William Ashe." Whether it was worth the author's while to take an actual hero and heroine out of the times of the Regency, and force them to play something like their real parts amid the more complicated surroundings of railways and telegrams, may perhaps be questioned. It is, however, a question which only Mrs. Ward can answer, and, certainly, her plot has revived an interest in Lady Caroline Lamb, the prototype of Lady Kitty Ashe. "The apple does not fall far from the tree." On the principle of this homely proverb Mrs. Ward extenuates the lapses of her heroine. But she has wisely made her account of Lady Kitty's early life such a travesty of the true facts that no one can mistake it for a picture of the childhood of Lady Caroline Lamb. The facts are stranger than fiction. It is inaccurate to say, as is stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that, from the age of three to that of nine, the child was brought up in Italy, "chiefly under the charge of a servant." On the contrary, few girls, at that or any other period, were ever the objects of a more watchful and loving care than was Lady Caroline. No easy explanation can therefore be offered for the conduct of the unhappy lady, who has not deserved that her folly should be immortalised as an episode in the life of genius.

In November 1780, Lord Duncannon, eldest son of the second Earl of Bessborough, married Henrietta Frances, second daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and younger sister of the famous Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Caroline Ponsonby, afterwards Lamb, their third child and only daughter, was born November 13, 1785. Writing of Lord Duncannon's marriage, Horace Walpole expresses surprise at his choice of a wife. "I know nothing," he says, "to the prejudice of the young lady; but I should not have selected, for so gentle and amiable a man, a sister of the Empress of Fashion, nor a daughter of the Goddess of Wisdom." Lady Spencer may have deserved the sneer latent in Walpole's description; but, at any rate, she was a devoted mother, and grandmother. In the child-life of Lady Caroline Lamb she played an important part, and her letters to her daughter, Lady Duncannon, afterwards (1793) Countess of Bessborough, supply most of the extracts which are quoted in the following pages. Neither she nor Lady Bessborough at all resembled the Madame d'Estrées who, in Mrs. Ward's novel, neglected and set an evil example to Lady Kitty Ashe.

Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, born in 1734, was the daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, that "once high gentleman," as Carlyle calls him, "now dim and obsolete." As Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden, trusted servant of Queen Caroline, and governor to her second son, the Duke of Cumberland, he had played a distinguished part in Court and diplomatic life under the two first Georges. He married, in 1733, Anna Maria Mordaunt, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, a famous beauty, a friend of Gibbon's mother, and "The Fair Circassian" to whom Stephen Croxall addressed some lines which were once well known. The poet's "Dedication" is couched in the language appropriate to such productions:

Solomon drew the Charms which his beautiful Saphira presented; and I transcribe from You. We may equally boast of being inspir'd, each of our Breasts having been fill'd with a Goddess; Only with this Difference—

that my Poem ought to excel, as I have had the Advantage of a brighter Object.

Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz had two daughters. One, Louisa, died unmarried. The other, Margaret Georgiana, married, in December 1755, John Spencer, great-grandson of the first Duke of Marlborough, who was created Baron and Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765.

Lady Spencer's name is written large in the memoirs and letters of the eighteenth century. There were, in the opinion of Mrs. Delaney, "few such noble and generous spirits in the world" as Lady Spencer and her husband. She was one of the two women of fashion whose society raised rather than depressed the spirits of Cowper. To her he dedicated his "Odyssey," and he spoke of her "as one of the first women in the world—in point of character and accomplishments." It was to Lady Spencer at Althorp that Garrick read aloud Hannah More's "Percy." With her, at Lausanne, Gibbon was "happy in a familiar intercourse." At Bath, in 1791, Madame d'Arblay found her

a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions and more of forbearance in publishing them.

In 1808, when she was quite an old woman, she was staying at Barley Wood with Hannah More, who had not seen her "for several years." "There is," writes her hostess, "the same animation and frank pleasant manners: nothing, I think, is altered but the impression which time has made on her face."

In her youth Lady Spencer had been a beauty and a leader of fashion. In 1756, shortly after her marriage, she was at Spa, where Mrs. Calderwood of Potton met her, and in her "Journal" thus enumerates the party:

There was Mr. Spencer, his wife, her sister, her mother, a *cousine*, her two brothers, a chaplain, and one Major Barton who was Spencer's governour, and

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such a following of other attendants that they had one packet-boat for themselves and another for their servants and baggage: I suppose they would have three going back, for they bought up everything they could lay their hands on, as did their servants.

She describes Mrs. Poyntz as the commander of the party—"a deaf, short-sighted, loud-spoken, hackney-headed wife," who played at cards from morning to night. But she calls Mrs. Spencer "a very sweet-like girl," and her sister "a great hoyden." At the famous masquerade, given by the King of Denmark in 1768, "Lady Spencer was one of the *finest*."

I lent her [says her mother-in-law, Lady Cowper] my diamond stomacher, which, added to her own jewels, made her very brilliant. Her outward dress was white lustring, spotted with silver, and her inward, blue and silver. Lord Spencer had a pale blue lustring domino, trimmed with a darker blue in chenille and gold, and was a fine figure, and had white leather shoes with blue and gold roses."

In 1793 Lord Spencer died, and his widow retired to Holywell, near St. Albans, where she built almshouses, established a school, farmed, gardened, read, botanised, and made a home for her children and grandchildren. With her daughter, Lady Bessborough, Lady Spencer maintained a regular correspondence. Scarcely a week passed without a letter, now giving some little picture of her own quiet wholesome life, now offering good advice as to the choice of friends, now recommending books which deserved to be read.

The first allusion to her little granddaughter occurs in a letter dated May 29, 1788, when Lady Caroline was scarcely three years old:

I am deep in Botany, but am half afraid the hard words will frighten you, and that you will not listen to me with proper patience; else I think I shall soon soon be qualified to read lectures upon that subject.

I have finished "Emmeline," which your sister desired I should read. It had the effect I think all good novels have, of interesting me so much that, till I got through it, which I did with all possible speed, I could not attend comfortably to anything else. In short, I never take even the best of that sort of book up, without being more and more convinced, how pernicious they are,

and how much they are calculated to mislead the judgment, to inflame the passions, and, most of them, to destroy all serious principles whatever.

What are your plans? Do you remain in Town, or have you any thoughts of Roehampton, and, if you do stay in Town, what sort of life are you leading there? Is it such an one that you can wish little Caroline was old enough to see how you are going on, and to profit by your example? I do not know a better way you can take to try your conduct than by frequently asking yourself this question, and, if you do not try to deceive yourself, your heart will always answer truly.

"Pray make my excuses," writes Lady Spencer, November 14, 1788, "to dear little Caroline for having forgot her birthday. It is a misfortune which will happen sometimes where there are many little people to remember. God bless her, and all of them." The child was then three years old. Eighteen months later she stayed several weeks with her grandmother, while Lady Duncannon was abroad.

Caroline is perfectly well [says Lady Spencer, March 29, 1890], and the most accommodating good-humoured child I ever saw. She is grown very fond of me, and is delighted with sleeping in my room. Our little *ménage* goes on as well as possible. The only difficulty we have is an aversion she has taken to Louisa Poyntz, who doats upon her and does everything she can to please her. Caroline will go to her and kiss her, or sit in her lap, if I tell her to do so; but she will not look at her, or laugh, or speak, while she is in the room. This is the more odd as she laughs and plays with Mrs. Bourchier, and is excessively fond of Miss Trimmer, and will go with her anywhere. But the moment Louisa comes into the room it operates like Magnetism, and she will not utter another word. I daresay it will go off soon.

She improves in her reading, and can do the greater part of the map of England very perfectly.

It is usually stated that Lady Caroline, from the age of three to that of nine, was brought up in Italy under the care of a servant. There appears to be little or no foundation for the statement. During the years 1791-94 Lady Duncannon was in bad health. For many months there is a gap in the correspondence, because Lady Spencer nursed her daughter during her illness, and then accompanied her abroad. But the gap is to some extent supplied by a few letters written to the three sons who were left at home, at school, or with their

grandfather, Lord Bessborough. Lady Spencer, with Lord and Lady Duncannon, left England in November 1791, landing at Havre (November 5) after "a good passage of four-and-twenty hours." Caroline Ponsonby joined them at Paris, being brought over by Lady Elizabeth Foster. Lady Duncannon, writing from Paris, November 20, 1791, says :

Your sister and Lady Elizabeth are not yet arrived ; but I have heard of their being safe across the water, and I expect them every moment. . . . The most fashionable way of going about here is in little open chaises like the cabriolet, only with one horse. The gentlemen drive, full dress'd very often, with bags and swords on, and without any hats. God bless you, my dear boy.

Lord Duncannon writes to his son (January 22, 1792) from Hyères :

Your mama is much better than when you saw her last. She has been walking downstairs to-day with her crutches. She took a long ride yesterday on an Ass. Caro is very well and very much pleased with the letter you sent her, and sends her Love to you.

Another letter written from Nice (April 5, 1792) is preserved : "Your mama is much better than when you saw her last. We long to see you and your Brothers. Caroline talks French and plays a Tune on the Harpsichord. She desires her Love."

From Nice they made their way to Lausanne, where they spent the summer. There Gibbon met them, and notes that Lady Duncannon "seems to be recovering from her dreadful complaints." Lady Spencer, who preceded the rest of the party into Italy, writes to her daughter from Pisa in November 1792: "Pray tell Caro I am impatient to have her come, as I intend to help her to become quite good. I mean, if you approve of it, that, except sleeping, she should live entirely with me in my apartment, till she is so." In March 1793 Lord Duncannon succeeded his father as Earl of Bessborough. His accession to the title and property compelled him to return to England. When he rejoined his wife at Naples, he brought with him his youngest son, William Ponsonby (born 1787). Meanwhile Caroline remained for the most part with her

grandmother. In December 1798 she was with Lady Spencer at Caserta, while Lady Bessborough was at Naples.

The weather [writes Lady Spencer, December 1798] is so excessively cold to-day that we were in doubt whether Caroline should go out or not, but she wished it so much that she has been out twice and is charmingly well. This evening, however, she is to swing instead of going out the third time, as they tell me the cold is intolerable.

Remember you must be here by 10 on Friday. We may certainly take Elizabeth to see the manufacture. The Hamiltons think the King will ask her to dinner, so she had better be dressed a little; but if he does not, she will return and dine with Mrs. Cadogan and Caro.

Pray take care to let me have the hairdresser here early on Friday, as you know I have not a Creature here who can do anything to my head.

A letter from Lady Bessborough, written to her sons from Naples on Twelfth Night (January 6) 1794, shows that Caroline was again with her:

I am sorry [she begins] I cannot be with you to draw King and Queen, and wish you a happy new year. I intended to invite a great many very pleasant children there are here to a little *fête* to-night. But your poor sister, though much better, is not yet stout enough to bear company. I therefore content myself with drawing it with her, Willy, Mad^{lle} Jagneau, and your grandmamma.

As the year advanced, the party set their faces homeward, though they had to travel through Germany owing to the disturbed state of France. An undated letter, from Caroline to her eldest brother, written from Milan in French and in a large childish hand, is preserved:

MON CHÈRE FRÈRE,—Papa m'a dit que dans six semaines ou deux mois nous serons en Angleterre. J'espère que tous mes amis se portent bien. Ce sera un grand plaisir pour moi de les revoir, J'étais bien fâchée d'apprendre que Madame Webb ne se porte pas bien. J'espère qu'elle se trouvera mieux bientôt. Faites bien mes amitiés à Frederic et à Caroline St. Jules. J'étais à Venice quand j'ai commencé cette lettre: à present je suis à Milan, plus près de vous, chère frère.

Je vous embrasse tendrement,

CAROLINE PONSONBY.

Lady Bessborough writes from Innsbruck, June 25, 1794:

MY DEAREST BOYS,—We have left Italy and are got into Germany, which is a great step homewards. But your sister and I are in great distress, for we cannot understand a word your brother says. He will interpret for us, as he can talk German, and he runs about saying "*yan, yan,*" "*nein, nein,*" and fancies he is of great use. My impatience increases every day as I draw nearer to you: I can think of nothing but the happiness of seeing you so soon, my dear dear children.

The Austrian troops fill all the roads and Inns the whole way, which is a very great inconvenience.

It seems plain, therefore, that Lady Caroline Ponsonby was not, at any stage of her life, educated in Italy under the care of a servant. On the contrary, when her mother's health necessitated a prolonged stay on the continent, she was taken abroad by Lady Duncannon and her grandmother, instead of being left with relations at home.

Here and there, in the letters of Lady Spencer, there are allusions which prove that Lady Caroline needed and received watchful attention.

We have had [she writes from Holywell, February 7, 1797] a few fine spring days, and the primroses, snowdrops, and Hyacinths are beginning to come out. The birds sing, and the season is advancing that makes the country delightful.

Roma's Puppies will, I believe, be very pretty; the one I destine for you is a Dog. I beg that you will not let it be called Caroline's, nor suffer her to have any dog or living favourite, for I know by experience that nothing agitates her so much. It arises from too much anxiety about that she loves; but it should be avoided.

For several weeks each year Lady Caroline was, with her grandmother, who reports to Lady Bessborough on the child's progress. In September 1800, for example, when the girl was nearly fifteen, there are several letters:

September 10, 1800. Caroline is very well and as happy as she can be at a distance from you; but she is a dear affectionate girl, and never a moment unmindful of those she loves. Lavinia [Lady Spencer, *née* Bingham] is very fond of her, and we all go on vastly well.

September 14, 1800. Dear Caroline is quite well. I am sure you will find a material alteration in her looks and behaviour from the effects of so many calm days. She is really quite delightful, and reads, and draws, and studies German very diligently, besides a great deal of air and exercise.

One great thing is her having neither a servant nor a favourite dog to fidget herself with. But all this comforts me in the hope that, the older she grows, the more she will have the command of herself, and there cannot be a sweeter character than hers when she does command her temper.

September 18, 1800. Caroline wishes much to see you but continues to behave delightfully, and has actually made such progress in German that she will soon be mistress of it. She has drawn also very prettily, and indeed is hardly ever idle.

September 22, 1800. The dear child is really so much improved in the command over herself, that Jenny said to me this morning she never saw any one so altered, and added, with an air of the greatest satisfaction, "She will be the sweetest of them all at last." I am far from expecting this calm to continue long without interruption; but it is much gained while it lasts. She has finished the 11th book of the "Iliad."

Another lengthy visit was paid in 1801.

February 22, 1801. Nothing could be more delightful than dear Caroline. She has been uniformly affectionate to me as she always is, and kind and civil to Elizabeth ever since she came here, without any hurry or fidget. We read (after our chapter of the Bible) some of the "Life of Petrarch," in which she seems interested, and we have likewise read a little of Mason's "English Garden." Her dog occupies her a good deal; but she is not teasing or troublesome with it, and very kindly offered to give it to me, if you and Lord B. would not object to it. But this would be too great a sacrifice. She has really taught it a great many tricks, and it is an intelligent little beast.

March 3, 1801. Caroline still continues perfectly good and amiable, my dear Harriet, but she has a hurried and heated look and a visible unquietness about her ever since she received two letters from the two Miss Lambs this morning. She cannot attend to her usual occupations because she says she must answer them. I said, "I believe these letters have made you wish to go to town." She smiled and said: "A little"; but afterwards said: "No! I am sure I could not be so comfortable and feel so happy there as I do here."

May 30, 1801. Your sweet girl and I said our prayers together at six this morning, and then drank a little mug of milk warm from the cow, and have since then been very diligent in our different occupations.

November 13, 1801, was Lady Caroline's sixteenth birthday. She had grown into a girl, whose peculiar charm is suggested by her nicknames, "Sprite," "Ariel," "Fairy Queen," "Young Savage," "Squirrel." The fascination was heightened by her small slight figure, "golden hair, large hazel eyes," beautiful

teeth, and low musical voice. On her sixteenth birthday the following lines were sent her by her grandmother :

These simple lines from a rejoicing heart
To thee, my much lov'd Caroline, belong,
And oft may this auspicious day impart
Fresh cause, as now, to hail thee with a song !

Long has my fond affection watch'd thy Youth,
With anxious wishes form'd the fervent Pray'r
That every virtue, like thy Love of Truth,
Might claim, with added years, thy utmost Care.

But ne'er till now did Heaven vouchsafe to grant
The firm strong hope I this day dare to own,
That thy own Labour will each worth implant
And rear, not check, the seeds that have been sown.

Full fifteen years of lengthen'd childhood past
Have made thy anxious friends misjudge of Thee ;
Oh show them all, my much lov'd child, at last
That from these follies thou art now set free !

Catch each advantage which thy Parents' Love
With liberal hands have on thy youth bestow'd ;
With gentleness let friendship thee improve,
And humbly seek the assistance of thy God.

G. S.

During the brief period of peace which interrupted the Napoleonic wars, Lady Bessborough and her daughter went to Paris. Lady Spencer writes, November 1, 1802 :

Now for a few words about dear Caroline. The strictest attention to her Religious Principles and Practice is, I must ever think, your first Duty. But as you are going to Paris, I wish, instead of running after all the Curiosities there as your first and sole object, you would set seriously about the improvement of her manners and *maintien*. Get one of the best Dancing Masters or Mistresses if there are such, to teach her to go out and come into a room with propriety and without embarrassment. Make her your Companion, and teach her to look upon herself as one of the Company—to enter reasonably but not pertly into conversation, not to quit the Society for any trifling purposes, and

to attend, while in it, to what is going forward. As soon as you cease to treat her as a Child, she will learn to respect herself, and I am sure both her head and heart are capable of anything if they are properly directed.

In the winter of the following year, Lady Spencer was preparing to spend Christmas with her son at Althorp, and Lady Caroline was to go with her. "I hope, Caroline," she writes to Lady Bessborough, November 23, 1800, "has thick shoes, warm stockings, petticoats, spencers, &c., for walking out at Althorp, and warm cloaths for common wear, which in a large house in the country in Winter is highly necessary."

On their way they stayed at Cosgrave with a Mr. Walker, where they found "a warm dinner, a warm house, and a warm reception." Their host, "and his son Robert, a young Cantab.," were both, as Lady Spencer tells her daughter, "quite captivated" by Lady Caroline. She herself writes from Cosgrave to her mother, December 1, 1803:

I only write, my dearest mama, to tell you Grandmama and I are very well and very comfortable. If the manners of our present society are not the most *elegant*, at least they are very friendly, and full of trials to please which must in the end succeed. As to old Mr. Walker I like him extremely.

You cannot think how sorry I am to hear poor Fred is not better. Give him my kindest love and tell him I will not only make Althorp write an exact list of his sport, but should the shadow of a game come near my eye, he shall have a minute description of it.

Except leaving you all, I begin to think I shall be very comfortable on all occasions. Being with grandmama cannot be much otherwise. Pray write very often indeed, and mind all my letters are sent as soon as possible. My love to everybody, and believe me, dearest of all dear M's, your always most dutifully affectionately and every other ly-est.

CAROLINE PONSONBY.

At Althorp the girl was a general favourite.

Lavinia [says Lady Spencer, December 4, 1803] is really fond of her as well as your Brother, and Sarah is quite delighted to have her, not forgetting Madelle and Nurse Strand who are both ready to eat her. She is reading very attentively with me, and is deep in Italian with Sarah. She really seems happy and contented with the way of Life here, and every body is much pleased with her. If she would be persuaded to wear shoes that were not too tight,

she would soon have her feet in a much better condition. But it is rather a sore subject with her.

From Althorp Lady Spencer and her granddaughter went to Bath.

What a dear odd thing your girl is [writes the former to Lady Bessborough, January 26, 1804]; she has just shown me her letter to you, in which there are pretty wild originalities, as there are in everything she writes; but I had rather she would not weary her head with writing too much, if it can be quietly avoided. I know few things I like better for her just at present than Mad. de Sévigné's letters, when we can get a quiet hour to read them. They divert without tiring her.

I long to hear [writes Lady Spencer, February 23, 1804, when the visit was at an end] that you find Caroline looking well. I do not know that she has had a single hurry since that I was witness to at Roehampton, and which I have reminded her of to show her what Passion will do, if not kept under proper restraint.

A sentence in a letter written on Good Friday 1805 is not without interest:

It is unnecessary to say anything to you, my dear Harriet, about the Sacrament, for I believe you never willingly neglect it. Caroline, I conclude, is pretty regular on this head; I was much pleased with her seriousness the last time she took it here.

In May 1805, when Caroline Ponsonby was nineteen and a half, came the news of her engagement to William Lamb. The letter of March 3, 1801, suggests that the attachment, young though the couple were, was of long standing. At any rate, the Lambs and the Ponsonbys were not only political allies, but intimate friends. In 1798 Lady Caroline's cousin had written: "The Lambs were with us a good while. I like William Lamb excessively, and think him really one of the cleverest young men there is. He is going into Scotland after he has made his declamation at Cambridge." The declamation was the "Essay on the Progressive Improvement of Mankind," with which William Lamb won the prize at Trinity College, Cambridge. A copy of it is bound up with Lady Caroline's manuscript commonplace book, where it keeps

company with her first verses, the secret language of an imaginary order, drawings and sketches in verse and prose.

My head and my heart [wrote Lady Spencer, May 6, 1805] are so full, my dear Harriet, that I can only say how fervently I hope your dear girl may be happy. She must run some risques, and there seems in the present choice at least the advantage of mutual attachment. God grant they may be as happy as I wish them.

The marriage took place June 3, 1805. "I was much pleased," says Lady Spencer, October 13, 1806, "with Caroline's visit: she and William on the best terms possible, and very happy in each other. I think her in every respect much improved." Lady Spencer speaks of receiving one of Lady Caroline's whimsical letters with, "I make no doubt, a pretty true representation of her state of health in verse" (February 4, 1807), deplors "the inequality of her temper," and thinks that "her flow of spirits make it better she should not go alone to such places as the Masquerade" (May 25, 1808).

Lady Caroline may have expected too much from a husband. She was evidently prone to idealise all whom she liked. "I am glad," writes Lady Spencer, March 20, 1809, "Caroline's new maid promises to do so well, but I dare not hope that such thorough approbation will go on long. Dear child, she must buy experience which will teach her that perfection is nowhere to be found." But the marriage was a very happy one. Both the father and mother adored their only child, born August 23, 1807, and called Augustus after the Prince of Wales, who was his godfather.

I expected dear Caroline and Mr. Lamb to-day [writes Lady Spencer, January 21, 1810], but Mr. Giles came from Bocket Hall, and brought me a note to say they were prevented coming by the dear Boy's being very unwell. He assured me, however, that Lucas thought him much better this morning. I dare not ask any questions: but I hope the Nurse does not stuff him.

Three months later a visit was paid.

Only one word, my dear Harriet [reports Lady Spencer, April 1, 1810], to say that nothing can be more cheerful, calm and pleasant than dear Caroline is

with her husband. He stays till Tuesday. The little Boy improves every hour, and all is as it should be.

It is evident that, at this time, as Lady Spencer says, Lady Caroline's "whole heart and soul were wrapped up in the Boy." In her commonplace book are some lines to the child, from which the last stanza may be quoted :

His little eyes like William's shine,
How great is then my joy,
For, while I call this darling mine,
I see "'tis William's boy !"

There were occasions, however, when Lady Spencer was anxious for the future, in spite of Lady Caroline's affection for her husband and her child. Her friends were not such as her relations approved. "What is become of dear Caroline?" asks Lady Spencer, July 19, 1811. "Will not the strange story about Lady O[xford] have at least the good effect of detaching her from her? or does she attempt to be her knight errant and defend her?" It will be remembered that it was Lady Oxford who is supposed to have dictated the famous letter which broke off relations between Lady Caroline and Byron. Other letters show the anxiety of her grandmother.

April 29, 1811. How is dear Caroline? I have written her a few rather serious lines in answer to a letter I had from her which rather vexed me by telling me she had jumped over a couch at some Assembly. Dear child! she does not know how much she lowers her character by such improprieties. Thank God, they are only childish; but that is unfit for her situation.

June 12, 1811. How has dear Caroline's great imprudence been received at Whitehall [*i.e.*, Lord Melbourne's]? I hope she recollects the positive promise I had from her, of her never riding without her husband, or further than St. James' Park in the early part of the day. She is too dear to me not to grieve for her sincerely. Dear child! she knows not the pain she gives to you and me, and too probably, the misery she is preparing for herself—and all this not from Vice but Vanity—inordinate Vanity. May God in his Mercy enable her to see her error before it is too late.

May 9, 1812. How is dear Caroline? she fidgets me sadly, as I daresay she does you. But I hope her good sense and excellent heart will in time find out that eccentricity is not a favourite qualification; many have neither taste nor

sense enough to understand it, and most of those who have, despise it or dislike it.

At the time when this last letter was written, Lady Caroline had already made the acquaintance of Byron. "Childe Harold" was published March 1, 1812. At the age of twenty-three the poet "awoke one morning and found himself famous." "The subject of conversation, of curiosity, of enthusiasm almost, one might say," wrote the Duchess of Devonshire, formerly Lady Elizabeth Foster, "is not Spain or Portugal, warriors or patriots, but Lord Byron." Among his most enthusiastic admirers was Lady Caroline Lamb. "Your little friend, Caro William," writes the Duchess, May 4, 1812, "is doing all sorts of things for him and with him." "Lord Byron," says Lady Harriet Leveson-Gower, May 10, 1812, "is still upon a pedestal, and Caro William doing homage." With her romantic, impulsive, imaginative nature, Lady Caroline idealised Byron, and there can be no doubt that for the time the fascination was mutual. At the date of Lady Caroline's marriage, Lady Elizabeth Foster had written to her son, September 30, 1805, "She is the same wild, delicate, odd, delightful person, unlike everything." Byron, in different words, writing to Lady Caroline, expresses his sense of the charm which she exercised :

You know I have always thought you the cleverest, most agreeable, absurd, amiable, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating little being that lives now, or ought to have lived two thousand years before. I won't talk to you of beauty ; I am no judge. But our beauties cease to be so when near you, and therefore you have either some, or something better.

During the summer of 1812 they met repeatedly. But before Lady Caroline left London for Ireland (August 15) she had already one dangerous rival in Miss Milbanke (afterwards Lady Byron), and another in Lady Oxford, in whose neighbourhood Byron spent September and part of the autumn of 1812.

Whatever the relations of Lady Caroline and Byron may have been during these few months, Lady Spencer's letters

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during the same period present another side of her granddaughter's character :

May 20, 1812. I had a little visit this morning, my dear Harriet, from Caroline and Augustus. They were both in high health and spirits, and she talks of dining with me on Friday.

June 4, 1812. Caroline dined here to-day with me, my dear Harriet, and goes to town to-morrow. I could urge but little against it, and she assures me that Lord and Lady Melbourne, and her Husband wished it; that she had offered to stay, but he objected to it—at which she owned that she was much pleased. In short, there is no arguing when such matters of fact are asserted. She was very amiable, and Augustus extremely good. But he has a little effort now and then in drawing his breath which I do not like. Pray observe it. One is afraid of saying anything to her (dear Child) lest she should be doctoring or dieting him.

The bells have been ringing all day for the poor King's birthday; they give more pain than pleasure.

I have been standing to see my sheep shorn till I am tired: but the day has been delightful.

June 19, 1812. How is dear Caroline going on? She has so accustomed herself to represent things her own way, that I never can depend upon what she says of the opinions of those with whom she lives.

July 24, 1812. I am happy in having both Caroline and William here this evening without a cloud, my dear Harriet. The weather is cold and wet beyond description, and she was quite uneasy at his not arriving so soon as she expected—so much so that she resolved to return to Brocket, quite unable to bear the idea of his being quite alone there, and perhaps tired or unwell.

August 5, 1812. Your letter of this morning says you have had a delightful letter from Caroline, and *hope all will be well*. Her uncertainty and irritability of Mind are indeed most melancholy; but she loves her husband, and, as yet, he loves her. Is there no possibility of making her see what she risks in breaking such a Bond?

There are but few references to Lady Caroline in the remaining letters of Lady Spencer, written in the tremulous hand of advancing age and failing health.

December 20, 1812. Caroline, Mr. Lamb, and Augustus are here, but leave me to-morrow, as they go to the Hertford Ball on Tuesday.

February 12, 1813. Mr. Lamb and Caroline dined here to-day, and brought Augustus. They all look pretty well, Caroline certainly better and happier than she did some time ago; but Augustus is rather short-breathed, but both

his Father and Mother think him quite well, and I trust in God he is, as to any material complaint. She gives very entertaining accounts of the *Fête*.

August 8, 1813. I must just tell you that Caroline and William are still here, and as long as they seem pleased with staying, I am pleased to have them. They are both very amiable, and went to church this morning.

September 23, 1813. Dear Car. has just sent me a brace of Partridges. She is always doing some good-natured thing or other.

The intimate friendship between Byron and Lady Caroline began in the spring of 1812. It ended in the following August. When Lady Caroline returned from Ireland in the winter of 1812 she burned Byron in effigy at Brocket Hall. "The Address spoken by the Page before the Bonfire," written by herself, has been printed; the following are its concluding lines :

Ah ! look not thus on me, so grave, so sad ;
Shake not your heads, nor say the Lady's mad.
Judge not of others, for there is but one
To whom the heart and feelings can be known.
Upon my youthful faults few censures cast.
Look to the future—and forgive the past.
London, farewell : vain world, vain life, adieu !
Take the last tears I e'er shall shed for you.
Young tho' I seem, I leave the world for ever,
Never to enter it again—no, never—never !

In judging of the nature of Lady Caroline's relations with Byron, little weight can be attached to her letter to Thomas Medwin, written in 1824, after the publication of his "Conversations of Byron," as her mind was then suffering from the shock of the poet's death.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

THE LEPROUS LIKENESS

So when our souls look back to thee,
They sicken, seeing against thy side,
Too foul to speak of or to see,
The leprous likeness of a bride.

SWINBURNE.

“**W**HEN Ivan builds a house, Paul opens a store. Then comes the pope a-begging.” This is one of many half-plaintive, half-cynical proverbs, in which the common people of Russia expose their sores, worn in their flesh by the burden of the Church they serve so loyally and yet know so well.

Russia knows but one Church, the Orthodox or Greek Church, and devotion to its forms and compliance with its exactions are throughout the Empire the first test of loyalty. It is the one national institution of the country. Where politics penetrate, individual opinion, biased by ignorance, diversifies every theme. Industry has its phases and its proper place, and the army is—like fate—a thing to recognise but not to handle. The Church, though, is universal, and the normally religious temperament of the Russian, surviving strongly in spite of the activity of civilising influences, is its best buttress. Through all departments of life, from the flutter of intrigue that froths about the person of the Czar to the meanest littleness of village life, its leaven is a force of supreme potency, and its Pontiff is a power that all authorities

must conciliate. St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg and the minarets of the country chapel are alike monuments and tokens of the influence that is supreme in Russia.

By far the most important section of the population of Russia is the peasantry, the great inert mass of the common people. Recent sociologists who have given thought to Russian affairs have come to agree with Count Tolstoy that whatever destiny may hold in store for the country, whatever its ultimate fate is to be, must come from this untried host. They watch intently its shaping, its growth; and meanwhile the Orthodox Church, the pedestal upon which the autocracy is apotheosised, is striving for calculated ends and stealing its weapons from under its hands. Its methods are those of the Roman Church of the Middle Ages, and its work in this direction is the gravest movement that has countenance in Russia to-day.

The peasant, to begin with, is of an ignorance unparalleled and bestial. It is not easy to convey to Western minds an idea of the mental blackness in which these men and women live and die. Ninety millions and odd of them neither read nor write, and this is but a small thing in comparison with what remains. The peasant that works on the land knows nothing of the land. "He tills a stretch of ground and sows wheat, but he never thinks of reaping till it is dead ripe, and half the good stuff rots in rains." He is afraid of the dark, grovelling, stupid and inarticulate. He lives without gusto and dies without curiosity, and there are scores of millions of him, balanced eternally between mere hunger and real famine.

Upon these people the Church has laid both its hands, and every village has its wooden church, gay with painted domes and needle-spires, cluttered with tawdry eikons and altar furniture. Religion in Russia is beset with observances: the rubric is wearisomely elaborate, and one has but to watch the devotion of some daunted, half-animal moujik, to recognise how keenly wise were those priestly statesmen who cast a veil of mystery about the service of God and fogged the strait and

narrow way with incense smoke and the glamour of gorgeous ritual. The man cowers before the waxen faces of the painted saints, makes the intricate Russian sign of the Cross, and carries out all his fetish observances with just that dreary mechanical resignation which sterilises his labour in the fields. He is under a stern obligation to conform to custom in all these respects, but the Church observes its limits, and lays no moral duty whatsoever upon him. He may come to church drunk, as a priest does, if he likes; he may live in whatever irregularity he pleases; but the crossing must be done, the eikons must be honoured, the fasts kept, or he is a marked man, a seditious example.

The fasts have a prominent place in the observances of the Orthodox Church. They are frequent and long, and it is on record that the mortality rate throughout the country shows a large increase towards the end of each of these terms of abstinence: indeed, they are so rigorous that in the country districts they have clearly contributed to the low vitality that characterises the peasant. A Russian journalist of Moscow gave me an account of a case of grim hardship he had observed for himself. In a certain famine district a man was found on a fast day going homewards with a pocket full of potatoes. He explained that his children were starving, and that these potatoes would feed them for the first time in two days. He made this explanation to a police-officer who stopped him, and was forthwith arrested and detained until the fast was at an end, lest he should be "tempted" to eat and give to others in defiance of the day.

It is not alone the clergy who work to make the Church universal in Russia. The legislating authority backs them to the extent of disenabling any member of the Orthodox Church to change his religion. For merely entertaining the project of so doing, he may be condemned to a penance which the penal authorities will enforce; if he carries it out his property can be claimed by his heirs, his civil rights forfeited, and himself exported to Siberia. Formerly, those who seceded were sent

to the Caucasus, which is now the home of many millions of dissenters, who represent the best and most moral section of the Russian peasantry. The Dukhobortsi, or "spirit-wrestlers," are among these, and have achieved prominence of a dangerous kind by refusing military service. Mr. Geoffrey Drage, in his authoritative book on "Russian Affairs," says definitely: "The more moral portion of the Russian peasantry are as a rule to be found among the dissenters;" and Prince Galitzin, who visited the Caucasus to report on the conditions obtaining there, discovered in the prevalence of dissent, no less than in the superiorenlightenmentandmental enfranchisement of the people, so grave a menace to authority that he urged the discontinuance of the practice of exiling dissenters to Southern Russia.

The official concern of the Church among the peasantry, then, is to preserve the principle of the sanctity of the autocracy. It has devoted loyalty from its adherents, for these never question its efficacy as a link and intermediary between the material and the spiritual. I have often wondered in some little Russian church, busy with traffic of conscientious worshippers, just what some big, bulky-shouldered man imagined was the purpose of his posturing and gabbling, and how far he attributed to them an occult and unholy power. The old Welsh stories of my childhood—how the witch killed the cattle by the burning of herbs—would recur, and I have a conviction that these poor blind souls see in the eikons only charms that can hit back, and in their dim deity no more than a terror to be conciliated. It is quite the natural outcome of this insistence on the ceremonial, and it achieves far more than could any abstraction on principle or any code of ethics—in gaining a hold on the minds of the people that can be employed as the clergy see fit.

The ceremonial side of the system has a curious effect upon the status in the community of the individual priest. "Upon meeting a wolf or a pope or the devil, spit thrice and so avert the evil chance," runs a common aphorism. The pope is no more than the lackey who serves the altar, a gross

implement in a ticklish trade. No consideration attaches to him save when about the business of his office. He is often a drunkard, almost always ignorant, generally a cadger and a beggar. The common run of parish priests are quite unlettered; the authentic voice of intonation and a vocation for an unlaborious and unproductive life are their sole qualifications. They are rapacious, immoral, and intemperate; I myself have seen a Sacrament administered by a bloated man who was too drunk to stand without support, yet that Sacrament was in order. The moujiks asked nothing of the priest—only the words and forms of the spell or incantation, or whatever they held the ceremony to be.

There is a dreadful tale which I have told before in another place. It was given to me as authentic, to illustrate the condition of the priesthood of the Orthodox Church. Let it be a picture. A hut in which a man lies dying, sodden with fear that he may pass ere the last Sacrament be administered to him. The shaggy, long-robed pope has come, and the gear is laid ready; but ere he will get to his work and unburden the poor soul, he will have an enhanced price for it. The wife of the dying man comes from the side of the squalid bed and pleads with him. He leers and is obdurate. Then a son will compel him, and they fight about the room, while the shaking patient stares from his pillow. The priest seizes the bread and strives to break it, for broken bread may not be blessed, while the son of the dying man grasps his arms to save it. And in the wrestle, the little loaf crumbles at last, and the sick man closes his eyes with a sigh of despair, awaiting death and damnation.

Where the priest is of this type, priestcraft is out of the question. That is to be looked for at the head of affairs, where the subtle brain of the Church pulses in high places. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. K. P. Pobiedonostseff, occupies a place in the Russian Orthodox Church of not less supremacy than that of the Pope in the Roman Catholic Church. Its aims, its methods, its organisation and vitality,

all owe themselves to him, to the discreet and ruthless energy with which he urges his uncompromising propaganda.

He is the trumpeter and champion of the autocracy, one of the few men of culture and learning who have adventured into print as vindicators of a system abhorrent to the Western mind. In his frank and forceful book, "Reflections of a Russian Statesman," he puts forth a rousing condemnation of such institutions as a secular State, parliamentary government, a free press, trial by jury, and popular education. "Faith in abstract principles," he says, "is the prevailing error of our time." He bunches the characteristics of Western civilisation and condemns them all. "This is Russia," he says in effect, "and Russia is a phenomenon to be treated by no methods applicable elsewhere." In brief, as one of those responsible for the conditions that are forced upon the Russian Empire, he is the apologist of all those conditions, and confirms without remorse his share in them.

He is one of the most remarkable figures of the age, the true force behind the throne. He was born in 1827, and took the shortest road to political distinction by winning the Chair of Civil Law at the University of Moscow. He was tutor to the Czar Alexander III., and afterwards became his most favoured adviser. Alexander valued before all things sincerity, and M. Pobiedonostseff would seem to have been convinced enough in the views he adopted and has so widely expressed. Since then, he has never discarded the influence he gained in the councils of the Empire, and his exalted position enables him readily to reach the ear of the Czar with advice that has weight.

The influence and policy of M. Pobiedonostseff were easily traced when the present Czar, soon after his accession, crushed the hopes of Poland for freedom of conscience. The accession of the young Emperor had been awaited with tremblings and hopes all over the Empire. Alexander III. had been compelled to curtail liberties and frustrate reforms by the reaction occasioned by the murder of Alexander II. Nicholas was

known for mildness ; in him millions of waiting people saw a coming deliverer, the Russian that should bring salvation to stricken Russia. But about him was the stern platoon of interested grand dukes and officials, and among them Pobiedonostseff, the logical fanatic, the rabid logician. A grim council for Nicholas, weak as he was and is, a hysterical and ineffectual man, a complacent and ill-informed ruler. Russia stretched hands of appeal to his new-found power ; stricken Poland faltered its hopes ; Tver, prostrate under oppression, petitioned for a restoration of legal order. Forthwith he answered, and the words that killed the bud of aspiration were those of Pobiedonostseff. The hopes of Russia were "senseless dreams" ; he would protect the principle of autocracy, as his father had done. A Te Deum was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of Kazan to mark his determination, and the people stooped again to their burdens.

It is, therefore, only natural and consistent that Pobiedonostseff should be the assistant and colleague of that school of Russian politicians which aims to produce uniformity of creed and condition. His religious views were admirably suited to furnish a moral backbone to the "thorough" policy of M. de Plehve. The Pontiff and the Minister had at heart a single principle, that of the soundness and righteousness of the autocracy. The persistent and ineradicable nationalism of the Jew found in both of them suspicion and alarm ; wherever the prejudice of ignorant priests has fomented the Judenhetze among the people, de Plehve has been found on the side of violence. When the Kishineff massacres of 1903 were brewing, he sent instructions to the Governor of Bessarabia to refrain from the use of arms should any disturbance arise. The result is a blot on history, and no one who has gained a comprehension of the relative status of the priest and the official in Russian life can exonerate M. Pobiedonostseff from a share in the dispositions which everywhere tend to the persecution of the Jews.

Theoretically, religious freedom prevails in Russia, and was affirmed as a fundamental principle of the Constitution in the

Czar's famous manifesto. Actually, the State Church is as absolute in its own sphere as the Czar is in his. The history of Russia is a chronicle of martyrdom. Of late years religious proselytising has been carried on in the Baltic Provinces with a vigour and an unscrupulousness as to the methods employed which sully the very name of tolerance, and of the Orthodox Church, which falsely professes to practise it. Lutheran clergy have been suspended on the most meagre pretext; the multiplication of churches prohibited; and a variety of disabilities heaped on those who resisted the invitations of the popes to change their faith. I have among my acquaintances a gentleman of Finland, a solicitor, who was presented one day with his passport to Moscow. He had received no warning that it was to be handed him, and it omitted to provide for his return journey. He was simply decanted into the heart of Russia, a man without employment, to gain a livelihood as best he might. He was clerk in a hotel when last I saw him.

The Dukhobortsi, of course, have suffered often and grievously. Even before they came into conflict with the law of the land by refusing military service, they were the prey to all the forces of persecution with which the Orthodox Church is armed. In 1898 some hundred and ten of their leading people were exiled to Siberia, while to those who had been granted leave to emigrate the conditions were made so severe that emigration would have been impossible had not assistance been forthcoming from the Quakers in England and America. The Armenians in the Caucasus, who resist doggedly all attempts to trap them from the faith of their fathers, form another large section of victims. Prince Galitzin went so far as to recommend the banishment to Siberia of two Archimandrites, of whom one was private secretary to the Patriarch. Their schools have been closed, their churches sequestered, and their societies ruthlessly suppressed throughout the south. Yet they are the best citizens (and the richest) that turbulent region contains, and have no crime save a language and a tradition of their own.

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Unbending sternness, a dark and little narrowness, and the power of an elemental force—all these things are of the nature of the Orthodox Church of Russia. "The Church, as a community of believers, cannot and must not detach itself from the State," writes M. Pobiedonostseff in his book, and in truth it not only clings close to, but is one in spirit and in purpose with the autocracy. It is a dreadful thing to say, but a true one—that only by the growth of irreligion, like that flamboyant atheism that puffed the French Revolution to a blaze, can the great slave land come by its own. It is over the body of the priest that the peasant will strike at the prince—the priest that fashioned a god to awe him with the menace of perdition.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

[This article was written prior to the manifesto of May 1, and to the resignation of M. Pobiedonostseff.—EDITOR, M.R.]

GIBRALTAR

IT is just ten years ago, when, after a visit of some weeks to Gibraltar, I contributed an article to the *National Review*, briefly dealing with some of the difficulties and problems in the administration of a Crown Colony of that size.

With pleasure I returned to it this winter, and realised the profound change which had come over this lonely outpost of Great Britain in the intervening years—a change scarcely marked perhaps by the public at home, or by M.P.s, too busy to scrutinise the details of the Navy Estimates, or they would have noticed how largely the new works now approaching completion have bulked in the last few years. In her two hundred years of existence as a British possession none have been so important as the last five, except perhaps the four years of the great siege, the imperishable memory of which is carved as deep in our national records as that of Port Arthur will be amongst generations to come of Japanese as long as the world lasts. What is this great change that has taken place? It is a great Imperial change. It is as if Great Britain had suddenly grown out a thousand miles to the south, and had stretched out an arm all that distance towards the Cape, Australasia, and the Indies, East and West. It means, so far as the harbour is concerned, that from being a mere port of call, where men-of-war and steamers could put in for coal, water, and minor repairs in peace time, Gibraltar is now blossoming out into a great

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Imperial harbour, the headquarters of a mighty Imperial fleet. A few years ago the harbour was practically an unsheltered anchorage, open to the south-west, though the New Mole, about four hundred yards long, gave a small modicum of shelter to ships under repair or taking in stores and coal. Outside the Mole, where our men-of-war ordinarily anchored, there was no security against a torpedo attack from an enemy passing through the Straits at night; the water-supply was insufficient; the arsenal and dock accommodation on far too small a scale for the work required to be done even in peace-time, so that in case of a sea-fight in the neighbourhood ships would have to go a thousand miles for repairs, either home or to Malta. The paramount importance of increasing the security of Gibraltar as a harbour, and of adding to its importance as the *point d'appui* for a fleet, must have been long apparent to our naval authorities, especially since the development of the torpedo as a potent instrument of warfare; and before the last Liberal Government went out in 1895 it had already been arranged to construct one large dock and a protecting mole. This programme was largely added to on the advent of Lord Salisbury's Government to power. It was decided to build three docks—the largest 850 feet long—to increase the security of the harbour by lengthening the mole, and to assist the commerce of the Colony by building a commercial mole at the north-west side. Since that time, when once the main lines of the defence scheme were settled, there has been very little discussion in Parliament, except with regard to the efforts made by Mr. Gibson Bowles to alter the scheme, so that part of the new works might be constructed on the east side of the Rock, to which I shall allude later. The new organisation scheme, lately promulgated by the Admiralty, assigns to Gibraltar an increased importance as the headquarters of the Atlantic fleet. A glance at the map will show at once its value as a pivot, from which a completely equipped fleet can issue ready for war whenever its services are required, whether to reinforce the Home or Mediterranean fleets, or to act independently. It

will, I think, be interesting to many at home to know what steps have been taken so to add to the strength and resources of the place as to make it worthy to fulfil the rôle assigned to it in the future. In addition to the moles, the arsenal and workshops have been largely extended, chiefly on ground reclaimed from the sea, and will be completed during the current year. Coaling facilities have been increased; and enormous storehouse accommodation for the varied requirements of a large modern fleet has been provided in absolute security.¹

The water-supply of the Colony must always have been a puzzling and anxious problem, owing to the great variations in the annual rainfall, which, according to the records of the last 114 years, has ranged from 77 inches in 1855-6 to 15 inches in 1800-1. Ten years ago there was one reservoir only for the storage of rain-water, containing about 1,200,000 gallons, the rest of the water-supply being dependent on a few old wells, private tanks, and the condensation of sea-water. Since that time, thanks to the energy and skill of the present Colonial Engineer, a scheme for a complete provision of water has been undertaken and partially carried out. Mr. Copland realised that "to meet the varied requirements of the public supply of water in Gibraltar, it is necessary to have sufficient reservoirs to enable the surplus water of years of heavy rainfall to be stored for use in years of light rainfall, or otherwise to have collecting areas of sufficient extent to yield during a year of minimum rainfall sufficient water to meet the demand, and reservoirs to store it in." Accordingly, in 1899 four bomb-proof reservoirs were built on the west side in connection with a collecting area of over ten acres, while more recently the rainfall on the east side has been utilised by covering a large area with corrugated iron sheets, the rain falling on which is conducted by a channel right through the Rock into the reser-

¹ On March 1 of this year there occurred an event of great national importance. The battleship *King Edward VII.*, of 16,350 tons, arrived from home, and was taken into "King Edward's" Dock—the smallest of the three docks now approaching completion.

voirs, from which, after a complete treatment of filtration and aeration, it is passed on to general use. When this scheme has reached its full development, not only will all the naval and military requirements be adequately met under the most adverse conditions of rainfall, but the water will be laid on to all the dwellings in the Colony, instead of being hawked about as at present in kegs and barrels. The funds for this and other sanitary purposes are provided by the Colony, and it would be a surprise to many English municipalities to know that a rate of 1s. 8d. is sufficient for all demands. Out of money provided by Parliament, very ingeniously contrived refrigerating works for the storage of meat will shortly be finished, in which supplies of colonial meat can be received and stored in perfect safety. It is no part of my task to express any opinion as to the present armament of the Rock; that must be left to military experts and to those on whom the responsibility for the defence of the fortress rests; but a few general reflections, based on the altered circumstances of the last few years, will not be out of place. It seems to be the general opinion that no attack on the harbour could be successfully made, except from Spanish territory. Only a few years ago the distance from Algeciras across the Bay, nearly five miles, was sufficient to prevent shell-fire from that direction; but the constantly increasing range and power of modern artillery, as displayed notably in the Boer War and at Port Arthur, has deprived the Rock of its ancient invulnerability, and has at any rate laid the new harbour and works open to shell-fire, as was ably demonstrated by Mr. Gibson Bowles in a most interesting pamphlet which he published in 1901. If the hostility of Spain is a necessary preliminary to any successful attack, we may, I trust, hope that that contingency may never arise. Our good relations with her, though slightly impaired in the course of the Spanish-American war, were warmly testified to by the Spanish Ambassador only the other day, and these relations will surely be confirmed by the visit which the King of Spain is shortly going to pay us; and if we could

only take more effective measures to stop the smuggling which causes so much trouble and anxiety to the Spanish authorities, a fruitful source of their annoyance at our occupation of Gibraltar would be put an end to. But our statesmen have to take account of possibilities even remote, as well as of probabilities, and amongst the former must be ranked a hostile alliance against us of Spain with one or more great European Powers. In such an unlikely eventuality, it must not be forgotten that the railway to Algeciras makes possible the speedy transport to the shores of the Bay of siege guns and war material from all the arsenals of Spain's allies. Does not this consideration make it imperatively necessary that the armament on the Rock should be kept thoroughly up-to-date—nay, more—that, if possible, we should be able to go one better in the range and power of our artillery than any foe whom we might have to encounter?

In Mr. Gibson Bowles's pamphlet, to which I have before alluded, he very strongly advocated the construction of one or two of the three docks then planned for the western side of the Rock on the east side for the sake of greater security.

Mr. Goschen said in the House of Commons in 1896:

No subject had given the Admiralty more anxiety than that of arriving at a decision as to the site of the new docks. The question between the west and east sites had been thoroughly gone into, not only by the Admiralty, but by the highest military authorities whose advice was at command. In regard to the east site, there was one great disadvantage, and that was the great length of time that would be occupied in carrying out the work—fifteen years might elapse before the work could be finished.

Possibly if the artillery developments of later years had been forecasted, the Admiralty might not have proposed to put all their eggs into one basket on the west side, and would have divided their works between the two: but at that time the paramount necessity was the security of the harbour from torpedo attack; and there can be no question, whatever may ultimately be done on the east side, that the works securing

that purpose could be carried out more promptly and more cheaply in the way chosen by the Admiralty. No one who has seen a real bad Levanter can doubt that works in course of construction on the east side, and exposed to the full force of the sea, might be carried away again and again before they were completed ; and Admiral Rawson's Committee, of which Mr. Bowles was a member, although it reported in 1901 "a harbour, dock, workshops, and coaling facilities were imperatively necessary on the east side," added that in their opinion the "Admiralty were wisely advised in the first instance in deciding on the west side for docks and harbour works." Although not absolutely immune from shell-fire from Spanish ground, the east side is undoubtedly much better protected than the west, and it is to be hoped that at some future time, when a rigid economy is less necessary than at the present moment, these suggested works may be put in hand.

Turning to commercial matters, speculation is rife as to how far the new commercial mole, now on the eve of completion, is likely to affect the prosperity of the Colony.

For many years the coal trade has been declining, steamers passing through the Straits eastward preferring to coal at Oran or Algiers. It remains to be seen whether the substitution of adequate coaling facilities alongside the quays for the old coaling hulks outside will restore the trade to its ancient dimensions. One thing may be predicted with certainty, and that is, that if the Government retain the management in their own hands, instead of handing it over to a committee of the mercantile body, or at any rate associating some of its members in the management, the whole thing will be a failure, just as the electric light was till taken over by the Sanitary Board. I myself would most strongly advocate its being handed over to the care of the same body, which has done excellent work for years past. It has the confidence of the commercial community ; its chairman, Mr. A. Mosley, C.M.G., is one of the Colony's most leading citizens, and as three-sevenths of the total

cost of the mole—£700,000—are defrayed by the Colony, it is only fitting that the chief citizens, whose interests are wrapped up in its success, should be largely concerned in its management. The interest on this sum, which has been lent on easy terms by the Home Government, will be a considerable addition to the expenditure of the Colony, and economies should be effected in the administration. As I pointed out in a former article, a considerable saving might be made by cutting down the legal establishment, which now costs about £3200 a year. The amount of work to be got through in the year by the Supreme Court is ludicrously small, and it really seems a costly anachronism to maintain the legal establishment of a hundred years ago at the present time, when Gibraltar can be reached by railway in three and a half days, as well as by frequent steamers. There are three Sessions of the Supreme Court during the year. In 1904 ten cases were sent for trial, and there were seven convictions. In the Sessions going on in this month there are two trivial cases, one from the Consular Court of Tangier. Of civil cases there are very few.

As the Chief Justiceship is now vacant, a great wish is expressed in the Colony that it should be abolished altogether, the post being filled by a circuit judge, who might possibly take in addition Malta and Cyprus.

The Colony also regards it as a grievance that it has to provide the whole salary of the Governor, whereas at Malta £2000 a year of the Governor's salary is paid out of the War Office vote. These matters should be carefully looked into by the Secretary to the Colonies. In the days that are coming it is most probable that Gibraltar will be regarded as the concern rather of the Navy than of the Army. We shall probably see there before long an admiral as Governor, and a further reduction in the strength of the army force. This must be accomplished without, as does occasionally happen, any friction between the two branches of the Imperial Service. The magnificent co-operation of the land and sea forces of Japan

in the present war should be a constant reminder to those concerned in the defence of our widespread Empire of the necessity of well-concerted unity of action; and now that the country possesses a Defence Committee of the Cabinet whose main object is to ensure the co-ordination of all the forces of the Empire when the necessity arises, we may trust that, should that necessity ever unhappily arise, the defence of Gibraltar, that great Imperial asset, now more precious than ever, will be adequately maintained.

CHARLES BILL.

MEDIÆVAL GARDENS¹

NO one can study French mediæval lore, or Gothic cathedral, or Book of Hours, without realising how great a love of Nature prevailed in the late Middle Ages. The poems tell of spring, "the season of delight," of gardens which suffice "for loss of Paradise," and of birds "with soft melodious chant." In the dim stillness of the cathedral, Nature is expressed in infinite variety. Foliage grows in the hollows of the mouldings, and sometimes, as at Chartres, even the shafts, as they tower into the gloom, end in half-opened leaves, suggestive of spring, of hope, and of aspiration. Many a sunny façade shows us scenes of rural life—sowing, reaping, vine-dressing, and so forth—fashioned as a calendar in stone, and many a peasant must have rejoiced as he saw himself and his occupation thus represented in effigy. Fortunately for the poor toiler, the Church not only taught that "to labour is to worship," but further honoured work by thus representing it at the very entrance to the sanctuary, so making it, as it were, the "open sesame" to higher things.

In Books of Hours and illuminated MSS., before the complete border of flowers, birds, and small grotesques was developed, we find ornamental flourishes, like the growth of ivy and hawthorn, splendidly free in design, and painted with

¹ The quotations in this article from the "Roman de la Rose" are taken from Mr. F. S. Ellis's translation, published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. in "The Temple Classics."—A. K.-W.

evident joy even in the minutest bud or tendril. Everywhere may this love of Nature striving for expression be seen. But we must turn to the poems and romances if we would fully realise it in all its simplicity and truth, since it is in these alone that we get at the actual mediæval feeling unalloyed with all that we ourselves have, perhaps unwittingly, read into it.

"All hearts are uplifted and made glad in the time of April and May, when once again the meadows and the pastures become green." So says one of the old romancers. And this joy in returning spring seems to have pervaded mediæval thought and expression. Little is this to be wondered at when we call to mind the long dreary winters spent in cold and ill-lit castles, or in dark, draughty houses and hovels. Before glass, long regarded as a luxury, came into general use in dwellings, the only protection from rain and cold consisted in wooden shutters, or movable frames with horn slabs (necessarily small), or varnished parchment. In truth, the only warm, bright place, was the chimney corner, and here, as near as might be to the blazing logs, the long days of winter were spent in chess-playing, broidery, lute-playing, and love-making, the monotony of this only occasionally broken by the arrival of some wandering minstrel who sang of war and love, or of some packman laden with sundry wares prized of womankind. But in winter such wayfarers were rare, and life was, perforce, one of boredom and discomfort. Thus there was exceeding joy when "woods and thickets donned their rich green mantling of resplendent sheen."

It is generally of springtime in a garden—a garden of green glades and alleys, fruit-trees and flowers, such as was very dear to the mediæval soul—of which we read. The "*Roman de la Rose*" opens with a description of a garden, hemmed round with castle wall—a pleasure within a fortress—and planted with trees "from out the land of Saracens," and many others, to wit, the pine, the beech (loved of squirrels), the graceful birch, the shimmering aspen, the hazel, the oak, and many

flowers withal—roses and violets and periwinkle, golden king-cups, and pink-rimmed daisies. The poet describes with careful detail the design of the garden.

The garden was nigh broad as wide,
And every angle duly squared ;

how the trees were planted,

. . . Such skilful art
Had planned the trees that each apart
Six fathoms stood, yet like a net
The interlacing branches met ;

and how “channelled brooks” flowed from clear fountains through “thymy herbage and gay flowers.”

The debt which the mediæval world owed to the East is shown both in the fruits and the spices which are described as growing in the garden, and in the pastimes said to have been enjoyed in its cool shade. We read of pomegranates, nutmegs, almonds, dates, figs, liquorice, aniseed, cinnamon, and zedoary, an Eastern plant used as a stimulant. When the poet would tell of dance and song, he goes by

A shaded pathway, where my feet,
Bruised mint and fennel savouring sweet,

to a secluded lawn. Here he sees one whose name is “Gladness,”

Gently swaying, rose and fell
Her supple form, the while her feet
Kept measured time with perfect beat :

* * *

While minstrels sang, the tambourine
Kept with the flute due time I ween.

* * *

Then saw I cunning jugglers play,
And girls cast tambourines away
Aloft in air, then gaily trip
Beneath them, and on finger-tip
Catch them again.

In every garden there was a fountain or sheet of water

Dulce dame sainte marie
merit de dieu plainie de pitié.
fille du souverain roy. me
re tresglorieuse mere des orphelins. con
solacion des desconfortes. vie des enans
salut des en toi esperans. vierge devant
l'enfantement. vierge en l'enfantement.
et vierge apres l'enfantement. fontai
ne de misericorde. fontaine de salut et de
grace. fontaine de pitié et de lésce. fontai
ne de confort et de pardon. par ycelle
grant lésce dont le saint esprit te es
saute en celle heure qu'il saint gabriel
l'archange te anoncia la conception
du filz de dieu. Et par ce divin miste
re que le saint esprit lors ouvrit en
toy. Et par icelle sainte pitié grace a

Book of Hours. French, 14th Century (British Museum)

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with a small channelled way carrying the water to the castle and through the women's apartment. Sometimes these waterways were made use of by the lover as a means of communication with his beloved, as we read in the romance of "Tristan and Isoud," where Tristan, to apprise his mistress that he is at their trysting-place in the garden, drops into the water small pieces of bark and twigs, which are quickly carried to the chamber where Isoud is waiting and watching. And one eventide a perilous encounter befalls. Tristan has been banished the Court, for evil tongues have whispered in King Mark's ear of his love for Isoud, and have further whispered of secret meetings in the garden, beside the fountain. Now near the fountain is a pine-tree, into which King Mark resolves to climb, and perchance to discover the meeting of the lovers. As daylight fades, Tristan scales the wall, and hastens to throw into the water the little signals for his lady. But as he stoops over the pool, he sees, reflected in its clear surface, the image of the King, with bow ready bent. Can he stop the floating twigs as they are hurried along on their mission? No. The water carries them away out of sight, and Isoud must come. She comes, but Tristan does not go to meet her as was his wont, but remains standing by the water. She wonders at her lover's seeming unconcern, but as she approaches him, suddenly, in the bright moonlight, she, too, sees in the water the reflection of the king, and the lovers are saved.

A pine-tree is so often mentioned as a special feature in a garden, that one is led to think that it may have been an imported tree, peculiarly valued, or else that the mention of it was an imported tradition from some Northern epic, or from that of "Roland," composed probably towards the end of the eleventh century, and which forms the kernel of the "Chanson de Roland" as it has come down to us from the thirteenth century. In this latter we find mention of the pine when Charlemagne, after he is said to have taken Cordova, retires to a garden with Roland and Oliver and his barons, the elder

ones amusing themselves with chess and trictrac, and the younger ones with fencing, the king meanwhile looking on, seated under a pine-tree. Later in the day tents are set up, in which they pass the night, and in the early morning Charlemagne, after hearing mass, again sits under the pine-tree to take counsel of his barons.

In the "Roman de la Rose," the fateful fountain of Narcissus is described as being beneath a pine-tree, which is represented as being taller and fairer than any that mortal eye had seen since the glorious pine of Charlemagne's time, showing that here at least the poet is making use of tradition.

But to make our way into a mediæval garden, and see all that grows therein, we must needs get within the precincts of the castle, for inside its fortified enclosure, the castle, like a small village, was self-contained. And this was no easy matter, if we may judge from the vivid description to be found in "Huon de Bordeaux," a poem concerning a Bordelais lord of the ninth century. After sundry adventures, Huon sets out on a journey to Babylon, and seeks an audience with the Emir. He tells of his arrival at what he describes as the castle, and how, after long parley with the porter, the draw-bridge is let down, and the great gate opened, and he finds himself in an arched way, with a series of portcullises showing their teeth overhead. After further parley, and further opening of gates, he enters a large courtyard, and goes thence into the garden, which is planted with every kind of tree, aromatic herb, and sweet-scented flower. In the garden is a fountain with its little channelled way, supplied with water from the Earthly Paradise. This description may seem a little fantastic, but it is only the poet's way of telling us what we might ourselves experience if we would go in imagination to some thirteenth- or fourteenth-century castle, and seek to gain admittance.

Sometimes the garden was within the castle fortifications. It was then necessarily circumscribed, and would, more or less, be laid out with formal pathways and stone-curbed

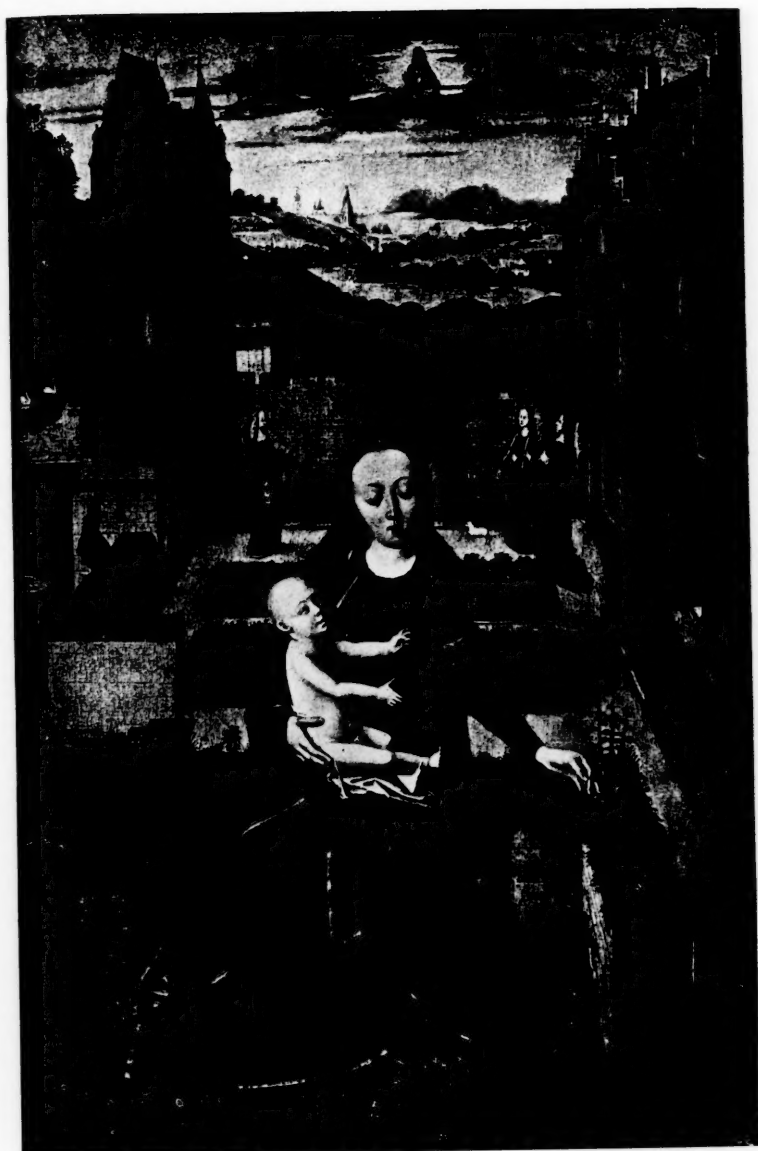


Photo. Brückmann

Flemish Master, 15th Century (*Stephenson Clarke Collection*)

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borders, also with trees cut in various devices (a reminder of Rome's once far-reaching influence), and a tunnel or pergola of vines or sweet-scented creepers running the length of the wall to form a covered walk for shelter against sunshine or shower. But where the garden was *without* the fortifications, but yet within the castle enclosure, as was always the arrangement if possible, opportunity was afforded for wooded dell and flowery slope, as well as for the orchard with its special patch for herb-growing.

The herb-plot was one of the most important items in a mediæval garden, for here were grown not only herbs and roots for healing, but also sweet-scented mint and thyme for mingling with the rushes strewn on the floors. Sometimes the rushes themselves were fragrant, and such, lemon-scented when crushed, may even to-day be found in the neighbourhood of Oxford, probably growing in the very place which at one time supplied many a college hall with its carpet of fresh green.

In the larger gardens might also be found labyrinths and aviaries, with gaudy plumaged birds from the East. Here, too, were often enclosures for wild beasts, much prized by the lord of the castle, to whom they may have been proffered as peace-offerings, or as friendly gifts from some neighbouring lord. Strange beasts were royal gifts, for kings, we read, made such offerings to each other. Even as early as the ninth century the King of Persia sent Charlemagne an elephant, which was brought to Aix-la-Chapelle. It would be interesting to know how it journeyed thither in those days. It seems quite possible that these private Zoological Gardens may account for the accuracy with which the early miniaturists painted such beasts as lions, bears, and leopards, which otherwise they might have had no chance of studying.

One of the greatest delights of the garden was the bower in which the warm months were passed. Here meals were taken, and merry pastimes enjoyed, as long as daylight lasted. Hither came tumblers and dancing girls, and sometimes performing animals. A poor captive bear would be made to

stumble over the rough roads for miles in order to go through its grotesque antics before some joyous company of dames and gallants. But spring and youth was the time to be gay, and nothing came amiss to these light-hearted folk.

The bower was also the "privy playing place," and all care was taken to make its leafy screen grow close and thick. Perhaps one of the most interesting references to a green arbour—interesting because of the romance which was the cause of its mention—is in a poem by King James I. of Scotland, telling of sad years in prison, which ended in love and liberty. James, whilst still a young man, was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, and writing to solace himself with something more tangible than the mere contemplation of his beloved one, and to while away time, describes the garden with "herbere green," which he saw through the barred window of his prison-house. Leaning his head against the cold stone wall, by night he gazed at the stars, by day at the garden. And weary and woebegone as he was, he says, "to look, it did me good."

Now there was made fast by the tower wall
A garden fair, and in the corners set
A herbere green, with wands so long and small
Railed all about : and so with trees close set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knit
That no one though he were near walking by
Might there within scarce any one espy.

* * *

So thick the branches and the leafage green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And 'midst of ev'ry herbere might be seen
The sharp and green sweet-scented juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it seemed to any one without,
The branches spread the herbere all about.

* * *

And on the slender green-leaved branches sat
The little joyous nightingales, and sang
So loud and clear, the carols consecrat
To faithful love.



Photo, Brückmann

Rhenish Master, c. 1420 (*Frankfurt Museum*)

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This "garden fair" was the scene of the romance which solaced this royal prisoner, and helped him to bear his irksome lot, and to be able to exclaim, after nearly eighteen years' captivity, a captivity since boyhood :

Thanks be to the massive castle wall,
From which I eagerly looked forth and leant.

Looking from his window, he espied, notwithstanding "hawthorne hedges" and "beshaded alleys," Lady Johanna Beaumont (whom he wedded on his release) walking in the garden. Neither poet nor historian tell how they found means to communicate with one another, but tradition, which is sometimes twin-brother to truth, has handed down the story of a go-between who conveyed missives and tokens.

In the accompanying picture we see a corner of a mediæval garden, hemmed round with castle wall. In it the artist has adapted an everyday scene to a religious purpose, by giving my lady a crown, and the baby an aureole, to suggest the Holy Mother and Child, whilst one of the gentlemen-in-waiting is provided with wings, so as to make him more in harmony with such saintly company. But this is only what might have been seen on any bright morning in late spring or summer, in some castle pleasaunce. My lady reads a book, whilst her maidens amuse themselves, one holding a psalter on which the child tinkles, to its evident delight and wonderment; another, with a perverted sporting instinct, seems to be trying to catch fish with a ladle (note the usual little channelled way, on which a bird is perched, refreshing itself), whilst a third is picking fruit. The three squires are doubtless talking of the chase, for, in my lady's presence, love would hardly be their theme. And all around are beautiful flowers—roses, lilies, and irises. Over against the enclosing wall is the usual bank of earth, faced with wood to keep it the necessary height, and planted with many flowers. This raised portion enabled those in the garden to get a view over the surrounding country, and to have a point of outlook in case of attack. It also served as

a seat ; for at intervals, between the flowers and sweet-scented herbs, portions were covered with turf.

Of all the flowers in the garden, the rose "red and pale" was the greatest favourite, and many different sorts were planted there. To so many purposes were they put, and so great was the demand for them, that large quantities of roses frequently served as the payment of vassals to their lord. They were used for strewing the floor at the wedding-feast, or at the entertaining of some great baron. The fresh petals were sprinkled over the surface of the water in the bath, and were distilled to make the rose-water with which the knights and ladies washed their hands and faces when they left their much-curtained beds. Further, they were specially prized for garlands, the making of which was one of the favourite occupations of the ladies of the Middle Ages. Dante, who sums up the spirit of the Middle Ages from the simplest reality to the sublimest ideal, alludes to garlands and garland-making as amongst the joys of the Earthly Paradise. In his poet's vision of the pageant of the Church Militant, he sees the last company wreathed with red roses, emblems to him of Charity or Love. Boccaccio, in a more mundane atmosphere and a less august assemblage, also introduces us to this mediæval love of garlands. In a preamble to one of his tales, he gives a dainty picture of the manners and pastimes of the gay folk of his day. Of the merry company, which his fancy makes to quit plague-stricken Florence for the country, where they tell stories to prevent monotony, he relates that, after dining in the cool shade, and before the story-telling begins, "the gentlemen walked with the ladies into a goodly garden, making chaplets and nosegays of divers flowers, and singing silently to themselves." Both sexes wore them on festive occasions, and in summer young girls wore no head-covering save a garland. The knight at the tournament decked his helm with a chaplet of some chosen flower, deftly woven by the fair one in whose name he made venture ; and many a merry company, wreathed with flowers or foliage, rode forth on May-day, with trumpets and flutes, to celebrate the festival.

Another favourite flower for garlands was the corn-flower, as we learn from the poets, who tell of ladies dancing the carole (a popular dance in which all moved slowly round in a circle, singing at the same time), their heads crowned with garlands of corn-flower. Violets, and periwinkles, and meadow flowers, white, red, and blue, were also gathered to indulge this pretty fancy.

The gillyflower is another flower frequently mentioned. This name has been applied to various flowers, but originally it belonged to the carnation, and was used for such in Shakespeare's time. In the "*Roman de la Rose*" it is called the gillyflower-clove, thus definitely defining it. One of its virtues, according to an old writer, was "to comfort the spirites by the sence of smelling," and also "to be of much use in ornament." But indeed most flowers were not only used for chaplets, and for strewing on the floor, but were also painted on the chamber walls, and embroidered on the hangings, to serve in winter days as sweet memories and as sweeter hopes.

Apparently the earliest records of gardens, after Roman times, date from the ninth century, and are mostly to be found amongst monastic archives. A garden was an important, and even essential, annex of a monastery, not only because of the "*herbularis*" or physic garden, from the herbs of which the monks compounded salves and potions for the wounded knight or the plundered wayfarer who might take shelter within its protecting walls, but also because of the solace which the shady trees and the gay flowers brought to the sick, for a monastery was generally a hospital as well. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, speaking of an abbey garden, gives a charming picture of one of these cloistered pleasaunces for the sick and the aged. He says:

Within the enclosure of this wall, many and various trees, prolific in various fruits, constitute an orchard resembling a wood, which being near the cell of the sick, lightens the infirmities of the brethren with no moderate solace, while it affords a spacious walking place to those who walk and a sweet place for reclining to those who are over-heated. Where the orchard terminates, the garden begins. Here also a beautiful spectacle is exhibited to the infirm

brethren : while they sit upon the green margin of the huge basin, they see the little fishes playing under the water and representing a military encounter, by swimming to meet each other.

This warlike note seems strange and almost discordant in the midst of the peace of the cloister ; but many, before seeking shelter there, had been doughty knights, and St. Bernard, man of the world as he was, would realise that even this mimic warfare might bring diversion to their tranquil seclusion.

What a contrast to all this joy in the Middle Ages in gardens and flowers are the sober reflections of Marcus Aurelius ! Philosopher as he was, he would have us learn from plants the lesson of cause and effect, the continuity of life. He says :

The destruction of one thing is the making of another ; and that which subsists at present is, as it were, the seed of succession, which springs from it. But if you take seed in the common notion, and confine it to the field or the garden, you have a dull fancy.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from the thoughts which a garden suggests to this stoic, to those not less profound, though perhaps more simple, of a Chinese writer of the fourth century :

Ah, how short a time it is that we are here ! Why then not set our hearts at rest, ceasing to trouble whether we remain or go ? What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts ? Let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers.

Alice Kemp-Welch.



MS. Romance of Alexander, 14th Century (Bodleian Library)



MS. Romance of Alexander, 14th Century (Bodleian Library)

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IDEALISM IN PROTECTION

WHEN two people are talking about Free Trade and Protection it is not always certain that each has a clear idea of what is in the mind of the other. Free Trade has been presented as a purely scientific subject, and has been considered in that light; but when people come to apply the doctrine to real life, they cannot keep it apart from the human passions and sympathies which are aroused by the political or social ends which Free Trade is supposed to serve. Thus it may well happen that a Protectionist may admit the doctrine of Free Trade as an abstract truth but still remain a Protectionist, and that the arguments of the Free Trader and Protectionist will not meet, but will avoid one another, as each will be arguing a different side of the case—and from misapprehension it often results that each misjudges the other. The Free Trader has no right to call the Protectionist a self-seeker because the Protectionist ideal is different from his own, any more than the Protectionist has a right to call the Free Trader a Little Englander because he holds that Protection will dissolve instead of uniting the Empire. It is better to try to find out what it is which gives Protection its strength with those people who have no money interest to serve in supporting its doctrines.

I think this will be found in the ideas of Nationalism and efficiency, which are in some degree a reaction against the doctrines of individual freedom which prevailed in the last

century, and had so much effect on our social history. By Nationalism (for want of a better word) I mean the desire to subordinate the interests of the individual to those of the State, as distinguished from the spirit of Nationality—the desire to set up a separate independent State. These ideas, so far as they imply control and regulation of the action of individuals by the State, are a reversion to an older order of things, and can be illustrated by the state of society as it was established two or three hundred years ago.

If we go back to the time of the Tudor kings we find a state of society in which the relations between man and man were regulated by laws and customary observances to an extent which we can with difficulty realise at the present day. The central government or the local officials ordered life in the most minute particulars, and this was accepted as a matter of course. Custom, not contract, was the guiding principle. Such phrases as Freedom of Contract and Competition would have had little practical meaning to the people of that day. They do not seem to have sought the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but rather a certain degree of well-being for everybody, as well in moral as in material respects; and so far from leaving people to be guided by intelligent self-interest in their dealings, the State took care to lay down what people were to do, and what they were to receive for doing it—the object sought being the efficiency of the whole body. Not so much the wealth as the welfare of the State.

The laws of that time dwell frequently on the “sin of idleness,” and practical measures were taken to guard against it. Children who had no employment were set to work. If money was forthcoming they were apprenticed to a trade by the local authority, otherwise they were set to work upon the land. The apprentices, journeymen, and masters formed Companies, whose methods of business were regulated according to law; and while prices were fixed, officers, in the interest of the consumer, saw that the goods made were of genuine quality. Merchants who traded abroad were almost of necessity mem-

bers of Companies, and had to conform to the "well ordered" Company's rule, otherwise they were looked upon askance as "interlopers," and as persons scarcely respectable. The rents of farms were customary not economic, they were fixed in accordance with what custom had settled to be the equivalent of the feudal services rendered to the lord, not in accordance with what competing tenants might be expected to give for them.

Throughout the system we find a serious attempt to hold the balance true between the producer and the consumer. Though the manufacturers and merchants are given privileges they must sell good articles. Prices are fixed by statute, and any attempt to raise them is met by forcible measures.

Thus we find it enacted that where wine merchants would not sell their wine at the prices determined by law the public officers might sell the wine for them to any person who required it. An order in council fixed the rates which hotel-keepers might charge for dinners. The price of beef, mutton, and beer, as well as wine, was fixed by law, and dealers were punished if there was any fault in quality. The precautions taken seem to us extravagant when the law recited that by "subtil devices" wools were sold "before that the sheep which bore them were shorn," and people were forbidden to sell their wool before the sheep-shearing was over; or when a man who was found to have sold rams to a foreigner was on the second occasion liable to be put to death; though these precautions were taken in the interest of the English consumers and to prevent the foreigner getting hold of the fine wools of this country.

There was no accumulated capital and no competition. Even the spirit of capitalism was discouraged, as for example by the law which forbade any one to have more than one loom or to make any profit by "letting or setting" any loom.

This system of minute regulation and adjustment of the affairs of life was only possible in a comparatively simple state of society, when the population was almost stationary, when there was little difficulty in finding employment and

plenty of land available for occupation. But it certainly argued a very high degree of public spirit and honesty among the Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Bailiffs and other officers who had to work the system, as well as among the Wardens and other officers of the Companies who had to decide upon the quality and character of the goods to be sold; but that this spirit existed is shown (as Froude says) by the length of time the system lasted.

It is true that as wealth increased and the divisions of manufacture and labour became more complex corruption came in; but the doctrine that industry ought to be regulated in the interest of the nation, not of the individual, and that trade and the trader should be controlled with that object prevailed up to the latter part of the eighteenth century.

But from that time a great change took place. Wealth and capital had increased, new inventions and discoveries multiplied the power of producing goods and divided the capitalist from the labourer, who in early days had himself been the manufacturer. The regulation of trade became impossible owing to its complexity, and was resisted by the capitalists, who wanted freedom from restriction. Freedom of contract became the ruling idea, and the working of the law was no longer controlled, as formerly, by the Executive Government; and this resulted in oppression of the working class, who had become dependent on the capitalist even for the tools of their trades so soon as the old home industries had become superseded by power-driven machines in the factories. While the capitalist class, who had the political power, worked the system for the protection of their own interests, the case of the working classes was aggravated by the great increase in population which took place at the end of the century, otherwise a scarcity of labour would probably have induced a rise in wages. The result was that both operatives and agricultural labourers were in many districts reduced to a "miserable state of hopeless degradation."

In the words of Lord Beaconsfield, they were living the

lives of brutes without the comfort of a brute's unconsciousness.

Matters were made worse by the corruption of the House of Commons, which had ceased to be a body elected by the people for the people, though it was from this quarter that relief eventually came.

The people had leaders and sympathisers, the wisest of whom fixed upon parliamentary reform and extension of the franchise as the true remedy. The movement was begun at the end of the eighteenth century, but was interrupted by the French wars and Revolution. After Waterloo it was resumed and steadily pressed. In the course of the struggle for political power many things were gained. Education, a free press, the power of combining in trade unions, an improved Poor Law, and freedom from the taxation of food and necessities—the chief characteristic of the century being the movement of the people towards individual liberty and freedom from State control, a movement in a direction exactly opposed to the ideal of the Tudor times.

For the last twenty or thirty years the liberties of the people have become so firmly established that we have ceased to think about them. We accept them as a matter of course, like the light of the sun, and we have turned our thoughts in another direction. Organisation and control are talked about more than freedom ; and efficiency is said to be the watchword of the twentieth century, as against the liberty of the nineteenth. This is showing itself in the large combinations of trade in this country and in America, and this idea is beginning to make its mark in politics and in the relations which some politicians advocate between the Government and trade. Organisation and control involve the curtailment of the liberty of the individuals who are organised. And when this organisation is applied by the State to commerce, we begin to revert to the Tudor ideal, and to go back upon the idea of individual liberty for which the nineteenth century contended.

The spirit of Nationality (*i.e.*, the desire to set up a

separate State) also connects itself with the movement towards organisation. This spirit was active in the last century, and is working in our Colonies at the present time. Though it went hand-in-hand with the movement towards individual freedom in the last century, it may and does in the end conflict with individualism, because it declines to become cosmopolitan, whereas the extreme advocates of individual freedom become international, and cease to be patriotic. This was the case with the greatest German writers a hundred years ago, who derided patriotism as being fit only for an unripe nation.

These forces make for Protection, in so far as they assume that it is necessary to regulate commerce with a view to national efficiency, and for this purpose to limit competition, especially the competition of foreign countries. And it is on the ground of efficiency that appeal is made to us to bear the sacrifices which Protection entails, because (as Protectionists think) it will strengthen the nation by making employment steady and bringing the people back to the land.

The clearest modern example of this reversion to the Tudor ideal is seen in the doctrine that the State ought to favour or discourage trades, in accordance with their assumed effect on the national character.

The other day I attended a lecture where the lecturer dwelt eloquently upon the necessity of bringing the working classes up to the Imperial standard. "Only," he said, "they mustn't make jam." This seemed to me an anti-climax, but he arrived at the conclusion by laying it down that certain trades developed a low form of labour, and must be discouraged, the worst offender apparently being jam. What he had in view was efficiency, the efficiency of labour, which, as he truly said, was necessary for the efficiency of the Empire. He did not say by what means he would prevent people from making jam, and in this respect his lecture was defective. The people of the Tudor days would probably have taken a short way with the jam makers, as they did with the people who sold their rams to foreigners, but the lecturer was not prepared to advocate such

a peremptory mode of repression. Another authority, however, has faced the difficulty by suggesting that it should be met by giving power to a Minister of the Crown to tax or give relief to trades, subject only to the advice of a council of professors.

It is sufficient to say on this point that our people are far too much attached to their liberties to place the power of taxation in any hands but those of their representatives, and that any such power, if given elsewhere, would afford disastrous opportunities for bribery and corruption, to show that such a scheme is undesirable and unworkable ; but that such a scheme should be put forward by responsible people indicates to what lengths the doctrine of efficiency has been carried, and how far it reverts to the Tudor system.

The spirit of Nationalism seeks to work through control of freedom and Protection towards efficiency. In the end of the eighteenth century, and during the first half of the last century, great authorities in America and Germany taught that in their infancy trades must be protected by heavy duties in order that the nation may be developed on its industrial side, and thus made efficient ; and though industries have long passed their infancy, the idea engendered by this doctrine, that foreign manufactures must be kept out for the good of the country—that is, to make the country strong and independent—still remains in force. It is this, I think, which gives strength to Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of Imperialism. He seems to me to wish to organise the Empire on a business footing—taking as his model a great American trust ; and as the organiser of a trust wishes to bring possible competitors into it, so Mr. Chamberlain wishes to bring in the Colonies, whom he regards as future rivals, by offering to tax our people's food and necessities of life in their favour, hoping that in time the Colonies will remit duties on our manufactures and thus come into a close commercial union with us. What he is seeking is efficiency in the form of increased national strength—what he calls Imperialism. It is again the spirit of Nationalism—the regulation of the interest of the individual in subordination to

that of the State—working towards efficiency through control of freedom and Protection.

The spirit of Nationality adds strength to the Imperialistic feeling by raising jealousy of the foreigner ; and this is natural, as it is difficult to love our own nation more without loving other nations less, and this is at least compatible with wishing other nations less success than our own. In the speeches of Protectionists we constantly see regrets expressed that England is not now, as she was in the early part of the last century at the close of the Napoleonic wars, supreme in manufactures all over Europe. But in order that England may revert to this position we must first have another Napoleonic war. The most fervid Jingo would not wish to drench Europe with blood again in order that foreign factories may be closed, but yet there must be a faint tinge of this idea underlying such regrets.

There is no reason in the nature of things why Free Trade as a scientific doctrine should be associated with one party rather than another. As a matter of fact the earliest Free Traders were Tories, but looking to the cases in which the doctrine has been applied it is natural that freedom in trade should associate itself more particularly with the party which has worked for freedom in other directions. On the other hand, Protection has associated itself with the party of Nationality both in America, where the Protectionist North fought the Free Trade South ; and in Germany, where the Protectionists have been the most active supporters of the national movement.

What raises in a special degree the wrath of Nationalists and of Protectionists in so far as they are Nationalists is cosmopolitanism. It conflicts with their ideals and tends to weaken the ties of patriotism. They look upon it as the enemy of national efficiency and therefore of Imperialism, and on this account denounce Free Traders as Little Englanders ; for the doctrine of individualism, which is favoured by Free Trade, leads to the sin of regarding the foreigner not as an enemy but a friend, and foreign trade not as warfare but a mutual benefit.

There are a great many Protectionists who are so on account of the pecuniary gain which the system will bring them in their manufactures, but there are a great many others who are so without any thought of gain to themselves. It is with regard to the latter that I have tried to point out what it is on which their Protectionism rests. It is, as I have said, in my opinion, love of country, desire of efficiency, and dislike of cosmopolitanism. It is Nationalism (as I have defined it) seeking by means of the efficiency which some people think Protection and Government control will give, to make the Empire stronger.

Their Nationalism may tend towards State Socialism, but at any rate it is of no use for the Free Trader to say to them that their system will be costly: they will reply that they are ready to pay the cost. What the Free Trader has to show is that Protection, Preference, Retaliation, Governmental Control—have all been tried and have all been found wanting—that they will not lead to efficiency, but on the contrary to corruption and discontent, and that the Empire which has been built up on freedom can only be maintained by freedom, not by a reversion to the methods of the Tudor kings.

Lastly, the Protectionist may be assured that the Free Trader is as good an Imperialist as he is. The command is given to us to love all men, but our hearts are not big enough to love all men equally, and it will be a long time before the Frenchman shall lie down with the German and a Little Englander shall lead them. We are proud of the Empire, but we love England. Englishmen of all parties remain Englishmen, and will uphold their country and its Empire against all the world.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

W. R. MALCOLM.

MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR THE WORKING CLASSES

The law of benefits is a difficult channel which requires careful sailing. . . . He is a good man who can receive a gift well.—EMERSON.

I

THE last century, starting with a splendid ideal of service for the sick, has left its successor a somewhat problematic heritage; and recently a serious indictment of the policy of the hospitals has appeared, which has been the signal of battle between the general practitioners, who consider themselves robbed by the hospitals, and the hospitals, who maintain the abuse to be so slight that existing means of dealing with it are sufficient.

At the commencement of last century there were seven hospitals in London and some few free dispensaries, and the out-patients for the Metropolis were counted in hundreds only, being as a rule those who had been discharged from the wards, but who still needed hospital care. To-day, besides having an infirmary for every district, there are ninety-four hospitals and innumerable medical missions and dispensaries, both charitable and rate-supported; and though there is some difficulty in ascertaining exactly the number of out-patients attending them, owing to the various systems of registration in force at the hospitals, many of which count one patient more than once during the year, a moderate estimation is one million,

and there seems no doubt that the number is increasing out of all proportion to the increase in the population.

In the controversy which is being carried on just now the public is puzzled by the extraordinarily diverse statements made, not because either side is wilfully distorting facts, but because the word *abuse* has a different signification for each. If the fine lady who leaves her carriage and pair round the corner is the only kind of abuse which exists, no one can deny it is small; but is not the abuse the hospitals are suffering from very much more subtle, and therefore more dangerous than this—abuse by the improvident poor? There are two great means of provision for the sick of the working classes besides the hospitals, means which have been left unduly in the background, but without the recognition of which the question of abuse and how to deal with it cannot be rightly considered at all. The great thrift movements, *i.e.*, Friendly Societies and Provident Dispensaries, and the Poor Law.

If an adjustment between the hospitals and these could be arrived at, an adjustment precluding overlapping and competition, the problem of the treatment of the sick would be solved.

II

The Friendly Society movement is too well known to need description, but in the midst of what may be described as a tropically luxurious growth of free treatment, another self-help agency, the Provident Dispensary, shoots upwards and makes a bid for life. That it has not been choked in the thick tangle about it before it reached the upper air is very much to the credit of the working classes. The aim of the Provident Dispensary is to consider the interests of the medical men, the patients, and the hospitals. It is on the principle of a system of insurance, whereby for a small weekly or monthly payment medical treatment can be had when necessary. A well-managed Provident Dispensary is usually upheld by the local

doctors, and to make it thoroughly fair any local doctor should have the option of serving it. The idea is to cater for those patients who are unable to meet the cost of a doctor's bill in any other way, and who would consequently have recourse to charitable aid. When special advice is desirable the patient is sent up from the dispensary to the hospital. One of the doctors on the staff of a Provident Dispensary reports that during one year he had 1245 attendances, and he received £60 5s., which works out at about 1s. a visit. "Most of these cases," he adds, "would, except through this system, not have been attended at all—or if attended a good number would have avoided payment."

In 1873 Sir Rutherford Alcock, the then treasurer of the Western Dispensary, a free medical charity in Westminster, delivered an address the result of which was its transformation into a *Provident Dispensary*. This address is an important document, bearing closely on the questions which are agitating the medical and charitable worlds of to-day.

He called attention to the first Report of the Committee administering the Sunday Fund, in which it laid down, in what he emphasised as weighty words, that "Hospitals as a rule deal with the severe and serious afflictions arising from accident and disease, which entirely prostrate the lower working classes, and which from the exceptional character of the misfortune they can scarcely be expected to provide against. The dispensaries only grapple generally with those ordinary maladies to which all families and individuals are more or less subject, and against which the working classes should be encouraged to make provision. There are many persons who obtain gratuitous medical assistance who would be willing to pay something for their medicine and attendance, but who cannot afford to run up a doctor's bill, and yet in the first instance feel reluctance in seeking charity, but who use hospitals or dispensaries for lack of any system of medical relief within their means. This refined feeling of reluctance should be cultivated rather than restrained, and it can prob-

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ably only be done by promoting the 'provident' principle in dispensaries."

Sir Rutherford Alcock then proceeded to give reasons why the change should be made. Among others he pointed out that there was very little inducement to medical men to attach themselves to dispensaries, or even minor hospitals, and spend many hours in attending an indiscriminate crowd of out-patients, a large proportion of which they might reasonably conclude ought either to be paying for advice, or otherwise applying for relief from the Poor Law Dispensaries. "The very bounty," he added, "which first supplied the wants of the poor is wearied and offended by discovering that the attempt to render service has been productive of either debased feeling or increasing misery."

From the date of this address the Western Dispensary became a Provident institution, with an ever-increasing *chentele*. A small free department still remains, but those who bring free letters are for the most part of the same class as the Provident members, and might just as well *be* Provident members themselves. The patients' payments in 1904 (made by putting aside pennies weekly) amounted to £823, and £763 was paid over to the general practitioners on the staff. Though not self-supporting this institution makes good use of the charitable assistance it receives, £100 a year goes to the District Nursing Association, whose nurses attend its patients when necessary, and no case is recommended by the physician or surgeon for convalescent treatment or surgical aid for its members, but they receive help, contributing towards the cost themselves if able to do so.

The aim of a Provident Dispensary should be to be self-supporting, but this can only be accomplished by securing a very large membership. A dispensary at Battersea is nearly so owing to the possession of a flourishing branch, which enables it to cover a large area. The patients' payments in 1904 were as much as £3546 19s. 4d.

At Deptford there is a branch of the Provident Medical

Association, which is entirely self-supporting, owing partly to the fact that there are no hospitals in the neighbourhood, and partly to the large number of sick benefit clubs affiliated to it.

The Provident Medical Association is, perhaps, the Society which is making the greatest effort in London to cater for the needs of the working population who cannot afford doctors' usual fees. The aim of the Society is to establish branches in the various districts of the Metropolis all working on similar lines, and under the control of a central office. It has now no less than twenty-two branches, and fresh ones are added to it yearly, with a scale of payment varying slightly according to the neighbourhood. The cost is trifling, 1*d.* or 1½*d.* a week for an adult, and ½*d.* or 1*d.* for a child. A member has a choice of doctors from a duly qualified staff; these as in other Provident Dispensaries will visit the home, if necessary, or procure the services of a district nurse. It will readily be seen how, in certain cases, this is a distinct gain for the patient upon the system of the hospitals, who are rarely able to take the home into consideration at all. Another advantage is that usually there is an evening department, in order that those in work do not lose time by attending their doctor. The members, and of course the doctors, are represented on the District Committees. The medical men are paid 50 per cent. of the members' contributions, and if there is a balance after other expenses are paid, it is divided among them in proportion to the number of patients' cards each has.

The Association, besides recognising the principle of co-operation between its branches, does a great deal in the way of co-operation with other medical agencies.

It gets into touch with the Almoner of a hospital where there is one, and its collectors systematically visit those cases referred by her to it. This arrangement, though not in force at all the branches, is recognised as the ideal to be aimed at. The advice of the Almoner to a patient to join a dispensary is thus not allowed to lie fallow, and there is no excuse for want

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of provision in future, as the *means* of provision is brought to his very door.

It co-operates with Friendly Societies by admitting their members at a reduced fee, and giving a choice of doctors to each, in the particular district in which he may reside. The men belonging to a Friendly Society are often scattered over a large area, far from their own lodge, but if they live in a district in which the Provident Medical Association is at work they are provided with a doctor. Both parties reap an advantage from this arrangement. A certain Court of Foresters has members living in thirteen different Provident Medical districts, and for the subscription of 1s. per quarter per member the Association meets their needs; on the other hand, it has been mentioned above that one of the chief reasons why the Deptford branch of the Association can boast of being self-supporting is that the number of Friendly Society men on its books has increased its receipts sufficiently for it to be so.

The Provident Medical Association co-operates with the Saturday Fund in a way which bears specially upon the question of reform with regard to hospitals. In 1897 the Saturday Fund arranged that before granting a letter for a Chest Hospital the patient asking for one should be sent to the Provident Branch in the district in which he lived, for examination, and only on the recommendation of the medical man examining him would the letter be granted. The result has proved that numbers of persons asking for Chest Hospital letters do not need them at all, and could be more suitably treated at the dispensary, which is nearer and more convenient, or by a local doctor, or at a general hospital rather than a special one. It will readily be seen how this system relieves the hospitals of unsuitable cases, while ensuring that those who really need their advice have it. It might be a step towards reform if this organisation could be extended to the distribution of all hospital letters belonging to the Fund.

Further co-operation with the Fund is made with regard

to instruments and convalescent treatment. Should a Provident member be advised to obtain either he is sent to the Saturday Fund, which gives a grant if necessary, and arranges for the rest of the cost to be paid in instalments.

A wider extension of the Provident Medical scheme has lately been advocated by Dr. Lauriston Shaw, physician to Guy's Hospital. He wished to see throughout London an association open to all medical men willing to join, each patient may choose his doctor, and each doctor may have the option of refusing to put a patient on his books. The families not only of the labouring classes, but of the relatively well-to-do, would be allowed to become Provident members, but the scale of payment would be a sliding one, according to the means of the family, beginning with the small fee now paid it would rise gradually. With those higher fees the scheme would be self-supporting, and charity would come in to supplement the payments of the very poor or to help to pay while a member was out of work or ill.

At Tottenham some such arrangement has been tried by the Provident Medical Association with some success.

Ultimately Dr. Shaw maintains it could reasonably be expected that no patient should be treated at hospital without being certified as a fit subject by his medical attendant; and according to this arrangement the argument against the suggestion, that an unscrupulous member of the profession might delay sending up his patient for special advice in order to extract fees would fall to the ground.

According to this suggestion also thrift would be directly stimulated, those who failed to make provision for themselves by payment of a small weekly fee having to fall back in the last resort on the Poor Law.

The part payment system which has been adopted by some of the hospitals, partly as a means of keeping down their numbers, and partly to increase their income, is an enemy to the Provident system. The argument is that it is good for the poor morally, and good for the hospital materially, if the

patients be required to pay threepence a week for their medicine while they attend ; but, if it is considered thrifty to buy the best article possible in the cheapest market, not only are those who are well able to pay their medical man sixpence, a shilling, or even more, encouraged to delude themselves into the belief that they are merely exercising legitimate economy by attending the hospital ; but all idea of forethought becomes superfluous when treatment (the patients do not discriminate between paying for treatment and paying for medicine) can be had for such a small sum. Can this be called anything but underselling the general practitioners and competing unfairly with the Provident Dispensaries ? The fact that such numbers of people are found to be able to pay threepence a week for the medicine during sickness, a time when usually they need it most, is proof that they might have been paying a penny or a penny half-penny a week to a Provident Dispensary during health.

III

It is the law of this country that no person need go without medical treatment, even if there were no hospitals or free dispensaries, any more than he need starve. At the same time, the position of the Poor Law authorities with regard to medical relief is a very delicate one. Whilst recognising that the standard of relief given should be high, they realise that the better it becomes the more attractive it becomes, and that in consequence the labourer's own provision for sickness is likely to be tampered with. The result of this, in the opinion of all who have studied the question, is more far reaching than might at first appear. "Medical relief," says Dr. Bridges, late Poor Law Medical Inspector, "is one of the most frequent gateways to the state of pauperism."

Even a cursory study of Poor Law history shows the extraordinary effect the strict or lax policy of the Guardians has upon the number of paupers for whom they have to provide, and in the stricter Unions now it is found that there are

not only fewer persons on the rates, but fewer needing help of any kind. They provide for themselves, because they know that if they fail to do so the results will be unpleasant.

When, therefore, the applicant for medical relief finds it can be obtained easily, the first step towards reliance on the Guardians has been taken, and "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

The applicants for Poor Law medical relief are increasing simultaneously with those for hospital relief, and it is evident that the flow of patients must be checked all round if the more Provident system is to make headway. Various suggestions have been made with regard to the Poor Law. One is to introduce its strict principles, making a test of necessity by only granting medical relief by admission to an infirmary, instead of allowing it to be given in the patient's own home or at a dispensary; another, that there should be compulsory insurance against sickness; another, that persons who have borne a bad character, or who might have made provision, should not have outdoor medical relief; and yet another, and one which has been worked with some success, is that medical relief should be granted on a loan system, that is that at the discretion of the Guardians a patient on recovery should be required to repay the cost of his treatment. In one Union where this was tried, Aschrott tells us, the local sick clubs and dispensaries increased their membership by 152 per cent. in a few years, while the applicants for Poor Law medical relief fell off considerably, which proves that, when once the necessity is made apparent to them, the lower working classes can provide for their own ordinary medical treatment.

IV

One of the outposts of reform with regard to out-patient abuse would be made secure if a right public opinion could be created among the applicants for free medical relief; but this will never be accomplished till the charitable workers among

them have acquired some principles in the matter. At present the work of a Hospital Almoner, whose duty it is to eliminate the unsuitable from those who are to enjoy the privileges of hospital treatment, is frequently rendered abortive by the attitude of the "visiting lady." One patient when asked why, when she had been warned a year previously that in future she could only attend for special treatment, she had not joined the Provident Dispensary as then advised, replied, "The visiting lady always gives me a letter for the hospital when I want one. so there is no sense in joining"; and when this answer did not satisfy she continued, "but I may as well join the dispensary now because the lady is just going away."

Letters are given away far too easily. They have even been known to have been sold in shops and public-houses, and frequently, as with surgical aid letters, if applied for in person at banks or hotels they are given without any inquiry, though the applicant is quite unknown.

At general hospitals now letters are not a necessity, and it seems strange they have not been abolished. The patient possessing one expects special favours, and it is very difficult for officials to maintain strict impartiality. It scarcely needs pointing out how essential it is when dealing with a large number of people, such as a body of out-patients, that there should be no suspicion of favouritism.

The majority of subscribers do not demand this "pound of flesh," and it seems to have been the opinion of every Committee considering hospital reform, from the House of Lords inquiry in 1891 to to-day, that letters should be done away with. The main obstacle has been stated to be that the Friendly Societies and Hospital Saturday Fund do subscribe directly with a view to using them; but the Saturday Fund, while expecting to be treated like any other subscriber where the letter system is in force, does not make the provision of letters the basis of its awards; and if it were once understood that the *need* of the patient in all cases was the sole passport, it seems unlikely that serious objection would be taken to the step.

V

When so much abject poverty is met with in daily visiting among the poor it is possible that provision for sickness even through a Provident Dispensary should seem out of the question. But is not the question one of management more than of means? Stevenson's ideal "to earn a little and spend a little less" is one which is too often ignored, and in all classes the margin which would allow that the emergencies of life should be met with equanimity and dignity is frequently dispensed with. The claim that they are badly off is not peculiar to those who are called the poor. Poverty is a relative term. The line has to be drawn somewhere by most people, and many draw it at paying their doctors' bills who would never think of drawing it at paying for the music-halls, drinking and betting.

The experience of Almoners and of the Secretaries of the Provident Dispensaries is that it is not usually for lack of pence that people fail to join, but for lack of will. A widow with two children to support, or a labourer with a large family will be found as members, while others complain that their contributions would be a drain upon their resources which they could not stand.

The following are two cases which were verified :

A respectable woman was sent up by her doctor for special advice to hospital. She apologised quite unnecessarily for coming. She was a charwoman aged fifty, in very indifferent health, so unable to do full work, and she had three children, the eldest a lad of sixteen, earning 8s. a week, and two at school. She was in a Provident Dispensary.

A man earning 28s. 6d. a week, supporting a wife too delicate to work, and five children, three who were invalids, and two at school. Two of the invalids had chronic complaints, which prevented their working, the third had anæmia, and had been earning 8s. a week. The father was keeping up his con-

tributions to two Friendly Societies and a Slate Club, besides paying insurance fees for the family.

The great obstacle to making regular weekly payments is no doubt irregularity of employment, but season trades are better paid when work is plentiful to enable the worker to put by for the inevitable period of slackness, and even bricklayers' labourers have been known to be in Friendly Societies. Possibly some scheme could be devised by the dispensaries by which those employed in summer trades, for instance, might pay higher rates during the summer months and nothing during the winter.

Changes with regard to out-patient management are in the air. If all those who have formed any principles in the matter work together to educate those around them to a right public opinion about what is the right use and what the misuse of hospitals, and will urge the provision for ordinary illness such as is made in country places, where it is considered *infra dig.* not to be in the Friendly Society and Provident Dispensary (the only other alternative, it should be noted, being the Poor Law) a gradual and steady improvement may take place among those who have been taught of late to rely on obtaining their medical treatment free, and thus the ground will be prepared for the sounder administration which is coming.

HELEN G. NUSSEY,

Out-patient Almoner, Westminster Hospital.

AN EMIGRATION EXPERIMENT

I AM no advocate of newspaper funds. Yet I claim to have had exceptional insight into their working, having been entrusted with the collection of nearly £350,000 of public money in shillings, and of this total £280,000 has been expended under my personal supervision on systems I have invented to meet the particular circumstances of each demand. I refer, particularly, to the Crippled Children's Christmas Hampers eleven years ago; to the War Fund, which remained open from October 1899 to March 1905; and, lastly, to the West Ham Fund, one phase of which is the subject of this article.

The West Ham Fund owed its origin to the generosity of Lord Burnham and the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., who, on December 22 last, handed me £1000 out of their own pockets, with strict injunctions that it should be spent in providing Christmas fare for the starving poor of West Ham. I confess that with my former experience I was appalled at the prospect, though I knew I should have the proprietors to consult in all points of policy or difficulty. It was the day of the blackest fog of December, and nearly four hours of valuable time were spent upon the railway in getting to and from West Ham, which lies on the extreme eastern boundary of the Metropolis.

A colleague and I were met with a rebuff at the outset. The Mayor of West Ham blankly refused to accept the

£1000, and contented himself with taking £20, which he considered sufficient to provide children's dinners. We were, therefore, driven into direct distribution once more, and by Christmas morning the £1000 had been well spent, notwithstanding the exceptional difficulties created by the broadcast scattering of what were locally called "whisky money" tickets, representing the enterprise of another newspaper. As time went on, complications were also caused by the legitimate competition of another fund, which had secured the solid support of Socialism and Nonconformity.

To the £1000 subscribed by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* its readers added so very generously, in a rush of enthusiasm absolutely unparalleled, that, before the Shilling Fund ceased its distribution of what have been called "doles," upwards of £5000 had been placed in the hands of between sixty and seventy ministers of religion, including the local agents of the Salvation Army, Church Army, and the London City Mission.

I am not about to discuss, or to defend, the principle of doles, although if any one cared to pay a visit to the Fund Room in Fleet Street and inspect the thousands of vouchers accounting for every shilling spent, he might form the opinion that, perhaps, there was no need to seek a better system of distribution in West Ham, so great were the distress and destitution. But, Christmas having passed, it was apparent, from the tenor of the correspondence accompanying the flood of cheques and postal orders, that the public desired that something of a permanent and practical character should result from this extraordinary outburst of public sympathy.

Our Emigration Scheme was announced on January 2, the arrangements having been completed on New Year's Eve, and it is interesting to note that not one word of criticism has been offered against the allocation of £5000 to this work, except by Socialists, who, in West Ham, preached the doctrine that it was a diversion of public money from their pockets.

The Shilling Fund remained open until January 31, and the anticipation which was formed that one month would be sufficient to provide the £5000 needed to send over 220 families, or 1000 souls, to Canada proved correct. Not one shilling was spent upon emigration which was not actually subscribed for that purpose; but, in order to fit the West Ham folk for life in Canada, it was found that it was altogether absurd to be content with engaging passages and paying railway fares. It was my duty to prepare, as far as possible, the penniless Londoner for life upon the land in a new country, and I had to take him at his worst, when home existed in name only, when clothing was in the pawnshop, and when the physical stamina of the bread-winners was reduced to its lowest ebb. I consider it cheap that with the money spent—practically £5000—we were enabled to raise up the standard of the West Ham folk to that of their Scandinavian competitors who are flocking into Canada by every boat, well-clad, well-shod, well-fed, and with money in their pockets.

Mrs. Glasse has laid down the culinary axiom that you must "first catch your hare," &c. In our case, we had first to catch the emigrants. This was no easy task. To begin with, we had all the eloquence of trade-union orators on both sides of the Atlantic against us; we had the rate-ridden and impecunious West Ham Town Council, who raised the plea that we should be taking away so many poor folk from West Ham merely to make room for others; we had the political cry on the Alien Question, which represented, with great truth, that hundreds of people, if not thousands, living in West Ham had been squeezed out of the metropolitan area and pushed into "London Across the Border" by the influx of Russians and Poles, particularly into Poplar, Stepney, and Bethnal Green. We had, too, the most profound ignorance regarding Canada, on the part not only of the poor, but of their pastors. It was a campaign of education which had to be undertaken.

In this emergency, the aid of our Government Emigration Bureau was sought, and its recommendation took me to the Canadian Commission in full hope that Canada was prepared to advocate its own cause adequately. I must say that I did not find that my experience was very encouraging. Canada was seeking a different class of emigrant. A cable speedily took the news to Toronto that we were about to send West Ham poor to the Dominion. One of the leading newspapers in Canada started a subscription for West Ham, and by a smart stroke of up-to-date journalism it led newspapers here to believe that the money would be spent through their agency, but, instead of co-operating, the Toronto editor found more "copy" in an actual attempt to frustrate the success of our scheme. His representative was sent to the Mayor of West Ham, and the money was laid out in such a way as to tide over the necessities of certain families, who otherwise would have gladly availed themselves of our emigration offer. In a word, we had no sympathy from Canada, and for several anxious weeks it appeared to be the case that an endeavour to transfer the workless from London to the land which is crying out for labour was destined to be marred by the machinations of labour agitators. Our Canadian correspondents displayed extraordinary nervousness as to the feasibility of planting families successfully either upon the land, or, in the case of mechanics or artisans, in the towns. All this was to the good, as it led us to extend the time over which our operations were conducted. We went slowly and cautiously. Nobody was sent to Canada unless a cable advice had been received as to the destination where homes and work awaited the emigrants, and as the spring opened it was borne in upon us that we might, had we so pleased, a month earlier have despatched the whole of the first 200 families in one vessel, assured of absolute success.

An essential part of the dole system was the provision of work in the labour yards, one of which was run wholly for the Shilling Fund on the Church Army system by its officers,

but amended by the Rev. W. Carlile to meet the special circumstances, one new factor having been the competition of the union rate of wages paid on municipal and other relief works in the borough. But experience soon proved that wood-chopping is no adequate preparation for emigration. It is a test which does not sort out the worthless, unless it be combined, as the Church Army usually does combine it, with residence in a labour home. When a man is free to work a shift or two for a pittance, and return to his family at night, and, I may say, to the public-house on the way home, he is asked to endure nothing. The worthless often go through undetected.

One of the agencies employed by the Shilling Fund was the Salvation Army, which undertook for a lump sum to deal with fifty families. The heads of twenty-five of these were trained specially at Hadleigh. I do not propose to dwell upon the Salvation Army principles and methods. They differed from our own, but they were ultimately brought into something like harmony. Still, as it is my object to give the results of personal knowledge, and as I have none of the actual working of the Salvation Army, save the information that I have derived from reports submitted to me by that body, I think that I must confine my observations to the remaining part of the scheme which was under my daily direct control.

The 175 families which passed, one by one, through my hands, represent the survival of some 450 applicants registered by us. These were obtained by placarding the whole of West Ham with the terms upon which the fund was willing to send deserving people to Canada. This publicity was not sufficient, and, in order to meet the opposition of the Socialists, and to educate the West Ham women, particularly, in the matter of emigration, a plan was devised for running a series of cinematograph and lantern lectures in all parts of the borough, supplemented by addresses by a lady who had herself long resided in Canada, and whose powerful advocacy convinced a

great number of her own sex to withdraw their objections to their advancement. I may here observe that the weakest families with whom I have had to deal have been those where a man and his wife are passing into middle age without children. In many cases the influence of the wife at the last moment wrecked the man's prospects. When it began to be understood in West Ham that Canada was a Land of Promise, without reference at all to what I consider to be the illusive bribe of the 160 acres or "quarter-section" so freely advertised, the tide, at first set strongly against emigration, turned wholly in its favour; and there is no doubt that, had we so desired and the funds been available, we could have found fully a thousand families ready to go across the seas in search of means of existence, not to say prosperity, wholly denied to them here.

Out of the many applicants who came forward some were referred to the Self-Help Emigration Society, others to the East End Emigration Fund, and a few were retained for direct emigration, which I was enabled personally to undertake by the hearty co-operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The two societies named are charitable organisations, that is to say, their balance-sheets show a certain revenue from the public in the form of subscriptions, donations, legacies, and interest on invested capital derived from such voluntary sources, but the greater part of their income comes from the contributions of emigrants, and those personally interested in them. There are also carried (at all events in the accounts of the Self-Help Emigration Society) to the debtor side of the balance-sheet the Canadian Government bonus and the commission paid on emigrants' passages. These items are very suggestive, for it is my firm conviction that much emigration conducted from this country to Canada is vitiated by the fact that the parties interested in it have not much thought as regards the suitability of the emigrants or the prospects of prosperously settling them in Canada. Their chief anxiety is to earn commissions. It is nothing but a tale of commissions from London to the

Far West, and when, every step of the way, railway companies, shipping companies, boarding-house keepers, and Government authorities in Canada are bled by the agency who finds the emigrant, especially if the newcomer be an agriculturist, there is no wonder that emigration on its present lines is a paying game. I would here venture to suggest that Canada should place itself above reproach by putting this commission business upon a cleaner basis. It is to the advantage of the Empire that Canada should be populated by the sons of Britain, and with the best blood obtainable; as matters are going at present the greed for commissions is too often the only factor of selection.¹

Having found our emigrants in sufficient numbers, and discovered that the wood-chopping test was no test at all, a substitute had to be provided. Happily this was forthcoming in the offer of Mr. Frederick N. Charrington, the proprietor of Osea Island in the Black Water River, near Maldon, in Essex. He placed at the disposal of the Shilling Fund the whole machinery of a labour colony, as set up under the Mansion House scheme of 1903-4. This offer was accepted, and from first to last ninety-seven men were put into real hard training upon the island in doing manual work with spade and shovel. This test was a genuine one. It involved separation from wife and family for weeks. It entailed, also, strict abstinence, as no intoxicating drink is permitted upon the island, and it proved a man's endurance in a remarkable degree. Osea Island

¹ Commissions payable to the agent signing the contract ticket are these: 6s. on the steerage fare, 1s. 6d. on the rail fare to Toronto, which is within the £1 9s. 7d. fare, or 2s. 6d. if the journey is continued to Winnipeg, and 7s. Government bonus on all agricultural labourers and domestic servants—to which is added 5 per cent., and sometimes 10 per cent., on the English railway ticket to Liverpool, and even a commission on the boarding-house keeper's takings at that port. It is, therefore, possible, upon an average emigrant family of three adults, reckoning two children at half fares, for an agent to make in commissions 31s. on husband and wife, if the latter is a domestic servant, and 3s. 6d. bonus on each child, besides half-rates on ocean and rail fares, say £2 14s. 3d. per family.

literally sifted out the undesirables. No man was sent there who had not undergone the preliminary initiation of recommendation by clergymen or minister after proper inquiry. His antecedents had been investigated by the society responsible for his emigration, and, on the face of things, he had been judged to be a desirable colonist. But men who had slipped through all these preliminaries were found, after all, to be absolutely impossible, and some of them, afraid of honest labour, threw up the job in disgust. We learned, however, that reliance could be placed upon such men as originally had been on the land in the home counties, chiefly Essex, who were desirous of returning to the land, and whose careers in Canada were assured. These fellows did not fall out of the ranks. They kept sturdily to their tasks, and, almost to a man, when their turn came to sail, they went away with stout hearts in bodies which, manifestly, had put on flesh and muscle under the wholesome *régime* of Osea Island.

It was not only at Osea and at Hadleigh that this work of preparation was in progress, but also near Dorking, the Church Army finding room for twenty men at Newdigate. Here, in a delightfully situated spot, the men were, from the Canadian agriculturist's point of view, perhaps better off than at Osea, as an essential part of their training consisted in milking-lessons. A man who can milk and who is accustomed to horses, apparently need have no fear of his future in Ontario, whither most of our emigrants were bound. From my own observations at Osea and at Newdigate, I am fully convinced that no emigration from large towns and cities in England, and especially from London, can be safely conducted, unless there has been some attempt made to put the emigrant accustomed to the relaxations of town life into a more robust condition of mind and body. Contact with the soil, fresh air, good food, are the essentials.

Of course, whilst the men were away from their homes, nominally earning wages, their families were supported by the Fund on a scale of allowances identical with that

adopted by the Mansion House, before the institution of the London Central Unemployed Council. The Fund, therefore, was spending large sums of money weekly in West Ham, wholly divested of the appearance of charity, and yet coming to the relief of families who would otherwise have starved. That a man was able to earn something and support his wife and children whilst he himself was training for Canada seemed to raise his self-respect at once. Indeed, in some cases it rather encouraged that peculiarity of the Londoner which so often finds expression in his desire "to get his rights."

Human nature is the same in every class, and we have had, besides selfish men, senseless women to deal with. A few families were ready enough to let the men go through Osea or Newdigate training on the understanding that they were bound for Canada, yet they never seriously entertained the proposition. But the great majority were sound from first to last and gave us every satisfaction.

One instance of misplaced hopes occurs to me. It was that of a man who served his country for twelve years and who, after a spell of civilian life, had re-enlisted in the Militia Reserve. For some reason his emigration was opposed at the critical moment by his commanding officer. I carried the matter through to the Secretary of State for War, and there is no doubt that this man would have received permission to sail in due course, but at this stage the wife refused to go, and all the trouble and expense which had been incurred on behalf of this family were wasted.

There were very few fraudulent attempts upon the Fund by intending emigrants. I question, indeed, whether the word "fraud" could be applied at all, but sometimes there was absolute moral obliquity. On the day of departure, at one of the great "Send-Off" teas, which were arranged in order that there might be pleasant farewell parties, a man was detected who was about to sail with a woman who was not his wife. The family of children accompanying them consisted of two boys belonging to the man and one the offspring of the

woman. The real wife, who was cohabiting with another man, entered an objection, and of course, although sympathy was strongly with the rightful husband, the Fund had no other course than to cancel his passage and that of his family. Yet this man failed altogether to understand the justice of the decision, and he did not appear to grasp the argument that he had been guilty of misrepresentation in permitting another woman to impersonate his real wife, even to the extent of borrowing her Christian name.

As to the class of emigrant coming forward from West Ham, it is remarkable that there was but one trade-unionist amongst them, and this man was probably the most sensitive of any with regard to his rights. There was another trade-unionist who had fallen out of his society by misfortune; as for the rest, an analysis of the first two hundred families shows that they included 76 general labourers; 35 mechanics, metal workers and craftsmen; 11 farm labourers; 11 carmen; 11 bricklayers; 9 carpenters; 8 skilled labourers; 5 tradesmen; 5 coachmen; 4 seamen; 4 handy-men; 4 sawyers; 3 dock labourers; 3 gardeners; 3 warehousemen and clerks; 2 timber hands; 2 salesmen; 2 railway porters; a navvy, a cabdriver, a tram-driver and an engine-driver.

Owing to the failure of certain families to present themselves for sailing at the agreed-upon times, and the berths necessarily having been booked long beforehand, vacancies were created which had to be filled, and at the last moment these gaps were most readily supplied by about a score of single men, whose inclusion in the scheme had not been previously determined. It was an unexpected chance for these young fellows, and this feature of the experiment bids fair to be not the least hopeful. They were drawn from one centre, the Rev. T. Given-Wilson, of Plaistow, at whose suggestion the experiment was made, undertaking the nomination. In the space of two days, without publicity, except a handbill, sixty-two men presented themselves, and of the first party selected it was found that they came from all parts of

West Ham, and that 11 were labourers, 2 were railway porters, 1 a shoeing-smith, 1 a cabinet-maker, 1 a painter, 1 a handyman, 1 a french polisher, 1 a bricklayer, 1 a porter, and 1 a maltster.

From a casual inspection of the registration cards—I may say here that the whole of the elaborate system was conducted upon the card principle, with checks and counter-checks—the ages of the young men ranged between eighteen and twenty-five. Occasionally, a single man of thirty would come forward, but the great cry apparently in West Ham is for work for those who have passed beyond the hobbledehoy stage, brought up to no trade or calling. As I “passed” every one of these men, sitting as a member of the committee, and closely questioned them, I am able to say that they made a very promising lot, and fully 80 per cent. of them were teetotalers, and most of them had never touched liquor in their lives. Further, their written characters from last employers showed they were most honest and hard-working. It would be a grand thing if young blood of this strain could be transported safely to Canada.

Very early in working out the emigration scheme the difficulty was foreseen that it would be cruel to the men themselves and a disgrace to this country, as well as a bar to advancement in Canada, if we were to send the families out clad in their rags, or without a vestige of spare apparel. Therefore the *Daily Telegraph* reserved to itself the sole work of clothing the emigrants, with the aid of three clothiers of sufficient standing and having resources large enough to deal with a number of families in a very short space of time. A novel plan in the issue of ticket orders was devised by me. It answered all expectations in preventing imposition.

It was considered necessary that absolutely no temptation should be placed in the way of families newly fitted out with clothing, therefore the “kits” were not issued until two days before sailing. Further, each emigrant signed a receipt in which he engaged to pay back the cost of the kit to the Fund

before the end of 1907. The opinion of the experts was that the Fund is not likely to see many of these promises to repay fulfilled, but the real purpose was not to place a debt around the necks of emigrants newly settled in Canada, but to retain a lien upon the clothing so that in the event of any irregularity on this side, the Fund might have a hold upon its own property. This precaution was found to have been wisely undertaken. Should emigrants, some three or four thousand miles away from home, remember with gratitude what was done for them in the spring of 1905 a year or two years hence, and refund any part of the cost of their outfit, the nucleus will be forthcoming by which the societies concerned will benefit to the extent of aiding them to assist families from West Ham to join their friends in the new land. But, apart from this provision, the Fund has sternly set itself against any proposal to make the passage-money a loan to the emigrants. Emigration has been the free gift of those who desired that it should be offered to those who asked for it.

It may be safely said that all classes of the West Ham poor have been studied by the scheme, inasmuch as the recommendation, in the first instance, rested with clergyman and ministers of all denominations, catholic priests, guardians of the poor, municipal councillors, or, in fact, any recommender was accepted whose standing was a sufficient guarantee of *bonâ fides*. Further, as it so happens, the Salvation Army is particularly solicitous for its own, and no doubt gets hold of men who are outside the pale or reach of other religious organisations. The Self-Help Society is a branch of the London Congregational Union, and the East End Emigration Fund is supposed to be in sympathy with the church, and as for the direct emigration we instituted, it proved the possibilities of transferring desirable families from London to Canada on a principle which is well worthy of extension. In our scheme we not only provided for training, maintenance, clothing, passage, rail and incidentals, but also for a certain sum of money per head to be spent in housing the families on

the other side in the interval between their arrival and their obtaining suitable employment. The societies undertook a vast amount of detail work in advising their agents in Canada as to the families that were to be sent forward on dates settled in advance, so that, on landing, these families might be met and conducted to situations found for them. There was nothing left to hazard, but a margin, nevertheless, was given, so that, if possible, there should be no breakdown in any instance.¹

The families were very widely scattered, although the majority were settled in Ontario, but some went through to friends in Manitoba, and gave us no further anxiety. Of course the results of any experiment in emigration must furnish the final criterion, but the reports to hand from families already settled are very encouraging and give every prospect that there will be no failures. If failures should occur, it will be due wholly to the fact that Londoners are inveterate grumblers. I hope that when they come into competition with the Scandinavians, who seem to be preferred by the Canadians, they will, in colloquial language, "buck up" and do credit to the old country, and will be helped by the bracing atmosphere of Canada to throw off their old failings.

¹ As much of the work of emigration passing through my hands ultimately devolved upon Mr. Marquette, a French Canadian, it is gratifying to find this testimony from such an impartial source as that of the letters written by the Special Emigrant Correspondent of the *Standard*. This gentleman wrote: "The Province of Quebec encourages only carefully selected immigration, and spends but a trifling sum upon it. The work is in the hands of Mr. Marquette. Quality, not numbers, is Mr. Marquette's aim, and to secure this he takes infinite pains. Much of his work in planting out immigrants is the result of prearrangement with the Self-Help Emigration Society, and such like bodies in London. Lists of would-be emigrants are supplied to him, each entry giving a synopsis of the personal and industrial history of the man and his family. Once Mr. Marquette has advised that a man or a family should be sent out he accepts full responsibility for them, and when they step into his office in Montreal their future is assured, provided they will work and adapt themselves to the new conditions of life."

My own belief is that there are two ways of "settling" Canada from England profitably. The first is based upon the principle adopted by our direct system of emigration, *i.e.*, the wide distribution or scattering of families, taking care that not more than one family should be placed in each sub-centre. The other way rests with the Dominion.

I have described the 160-acres bribe as illusive. I think it is for most men a delusion. Of all the West Ham men who went out to Canada through the auspices of the Shilling Fund there was not a single family who could take up 160 acres at once, but supposing they had been in charge, not of a charitable fund, but of a commercial concern having the confidence of the Home and Colonial Governments, established designedly on a dividend-making basis, I think that many such families without capital might be sent out to Canada to populate lands which are awaiting cultivation. These lands are to be found where the 160 acres are situated. Instead of asking a man without experience, to farm 160 acres even with a small capital, I think it would be far better if the Dominion Parliament would permit of a company finding the capital to take over the free grant lands, and engage to tutor the ultimate owner by training him first of all here, and then in Canada, and finally finance him until he is well upon his feet, releasing him as he paid off the debt which may have been incurred upon his account.

A newspaper scheme of emigration can, at the best, be only a temporary alleviation; the plan I propose would be permanent.

J. HALL RICHARDSON.

AN IDEAL CRAFTSMAN

INTO secrecy frisked a pampered mouse. A hurried rustling of bedclothes, the squeak of a dry castor followed, and then the boy sat up on his pillow and set to piecing together reality with not a few scraps of variegated dreams. His ears had summoned him, for they were yet ringing with their message; but as he sat blinking in the empty dark he could not satisfy himself if it were the crisis of sleep or the inexplicable noise of a quiet house. It was this aroma of uncertainty which set working a pageant of memories—of cloaked men in places of the night, of scoundrels plotting in the wind, the pause between the rifle click and the loose fall, finally to culminate in the adventure of glorious memory—raiding Jacobs.

The boy fetched from under his pillow the treasures of the night, a box of matches, a crumbling slice of piecrust, and the Newgate Calendar. The Calendar, with the piecrust atop, was hidden deep in the chimney, lest a flight should be followed by the enemy to a bitter end. One match he struck silently upon the mattress. For, searching in the dark after his weapons in days before had betrayed him. The match flared briefly in the dark. The glossy belt was discovered, and the poniard in sheath. Unillumed, he buckled the belt about his shirted waist, and the poniard, blood (or water) stained, he dangled coldly on his hip. He put on his socks, and a discarded yachting cap upon his head, and thus was fully equipped.

The not unpleasant draughts of summer demanded no heavier accoutrements. This business had given him little time to ponder strategy, but now he sat down upon the edge of his bed; and, pretending with frowns to think, was in reality listening with all attention. Even the stairs had ceased to creak. Forthwith he gingerly opened his door, and stepped out warily upon the landing.

The first fear of the enterprise to be encountered was his father's bedroom. This he passed in safety, but with a gasp and an oblique glance at the dusky bed and the spectral pendent clothes. Jacobs, he remembered with a qualm, had, in a like case, happened upon him at this very spot. He saw in memory the shadow of him now, stepping hastily and oddly in the dusk, white and furious at the sight of the eavesdropper. The boy felt again the consequent tingling, and Jacobs' future was the less enviable therefore. With keener caution he passed the shut door of his mother's gay sitting-room (his young mother, not the powdery eyebrowed stepmother gone, bejewelled, a-pleasuring). This was a place of danger, for here was a loose board. At a step or two beyond this, between the flowered door and the loop of the staircase, Jacobs' humming should issue out of the silence—the memorable, flippant melody hummed through the teeth. The man hummed it in contentment, superciliously, ironically, in greasy good humour: he would hum it in his coffin perhaps. But to-night the boy listened in vain.

This was Silver-night. Doubtless forks and spoons and the soup ladle were spread in bedaubed splendour before the aproned tyrant. But not a fork tapped its neighbour; not a rattle of whitening brush, bar by bar of the chansonette could be heard at all. He hung over the loop as he might hang over the Valley of Death: it was strangely quiet. And with a pang of disappointment and a crow of relief the boy came to the conclusion that Jacobs was out. Jacobs and the big woman with the silver locket and the fat hands would re-appear at eleven, amiably garrulous. But the boy was not a fool. Moreover, though danger is tasty as thyme in a meat patty,

yet the patty without danger is not quite savourless. If Jacobs should be cleaning in silence (with chamois), too much confidence would mean a renewal of an immemorial tingling, and the flaky crust atop of the Calendar.

So the boy trod on velvet down the stairs, his damp hand shunning the banister (that squeak might wake an army!), his lips dry and his tongue rolling in luxury of anticipation. And now he was in the hall with all the empty rooms and hollow roof above his head; minified in his own imagination to a mere atom of white, a mouse within smell of the cat. His rusty poniard was clutched tighter, his stomach was full of fear, and his heart noisy as a cockerow.

The stairs ran broadly into the hall, and here the passage to the kitchen was hid from silken visitors by the jutting wall of the dining-room. This passage, if he followed it to an end, turned abruptly at right angles. At the inner angle near by the cellar door the boy paused for confidence and circum-spection. This safely turned, there the kitchen door should be seen, ajar or wide open, on the left; and the promising land far down, directly opposite the raider. The boot cupboard, too, sour den of legged spiders and abominations, must also be passed, and the stained-glass window overlooking a monstrous red, or yellow, or monstrous blue garden of trees and stars.

The boy's brown lean face had in his progress become yellow and leaner. His legs were the mere playthings of the draughts, for now he could hear as it were a lion panting at its meal—the breathing of Jacobs. Neither short nor unembarrassed as Jacobs' breathing usually was, as Jacobs breathed when he handed vegetables at the High Feasts of a taciturn father; but husky, and unequal, and through nostril and mouth. Jacobs then was half-drunk. Fate herself might be ignorant if this should mean stolid good-humour, or sullen, drowsy malice. The patty grew uncommon worthless. Even the enthusiasm of the boy's Scots-French blood quailed before the dull, dull-lidded eyes of Jacobs half-drunk. An ancient beam groaned in the dark. The boy's teeth were almost in

mutiny. Another step. The kitchen door was ajar. A spear of yellow light warned the intruder, but yellow light—spear or no spear—was everything vital, like a sip of old wine. Red-capped, pocked faces, Mr. Monk out-monked, all sorts and conditions of criminals and glory re-rose in the boy's fancy. But faint and dwarfed were these, since Jacobs, in green baize apron, fuddled and morose, might be sitting but at arm's length. His ears, too, were remarkably keen in such circumstances. The boy by toe-lengths slid onwards. His stockinged feet first dabbled in the light. And then, pressed close to the other side the passage, he was sliding on past the door ajar. In his passing he spied lightly into the kitchen, and through this mere inch of space squinted full into the eyes of a fat woman, stiff and still. Oddly, too, her brown hair against the gas light wreathed her head with a nimbus. A medley of laughter and fear rose in him as he stood before this immovable surprise. Not for a moment did he imagine that he could be invisible to such round still eyes, as round and shining as the silver locket upon the noisy bosom. His jaw dropped, and his teeth set to open revolt. But the woman moved not at all. Every fibre and muscle of her body was stretched to the assistance of her ears. She might hear thoughts. So would stare a grey wolf under a white moon, with such unstirring eyes. Gaunt! but this woman was gross and her eyes were jet. His fingers unclenched and the scabbard rattled upon the wainscot, and instantly there slipped off his tongue the one last question he had thought to ask.

"Where's Mr. Jacobs?" he piped.

The woman's lids fluttered and her mouth opened in a squawk. Far and shrill as that, a hawk in the skies might have screamed. Two red hands were clapped over her cheeks.

"Oh, sir, he's gone, he's gone, just as you was coming. Oh, sir, he's gone."

The boy pushed open the door and stood on the threshold. He had thought it impossible that so big a woman should

speaking with so little a voice. Curiosity almost banished his alarm. He was being eyed between square red fingers. The woman's forehead was wrinkled, as if she were helpless with laughter.

"I thought he was his pa; just a little boy; I thought he was his pa. Like Samuel: and didn't it sound out of the chimney! Look at his eyes, God bless 'em. He wants a glass of water. In his pretty nightgown. And didn't it sound out of the chimney!" Tears were gushing down her round cheeks and gurgling in her voice. She walked in angles to a chair and sat down rocking to and fro and smiling at him—an odd contorted smile of blandishment and stupidity sicklied over with fear. The boy blushed. Much the same sentiments of dismay had filled him when in bygone summers wrinkled old ladies had faintly smiled down on him, even stooped, and openly kissed him in the streets.

This by-path to his adventures, which was already leading him into dangers unforeseen, sorely perplexed him. He resented the fat woman in the kitchen. She was not expected, not welcome. He resented more his own embarrassment. He wriggled under his nightshirt, and was deeply relieved when the florid cheeks of the woman faded to mottled mauve, the rocking ceased, and two heavy eyelids slowly descended upon the black eyes. He might now at any rate rest himself from being stared at. But his labours were only begun, for very ugly grunts were proceeding from her open mouth, and her head twitched as though her pulses held the reins. The boy had come to such a pass before, and a scientific callousness gave him remedy zest. A frog in the dissecting is not much clammier. Upon the kitchen-table stood a tumbler half full of water. This he liberally sprinkled upon the woman's face and trickled some, not without waste, between her teeth. Grunts expostulated. Now the locket almost danced. Success stimulated him to fresh efforts. He snatched a piece of brown paper from among the spoons and getting upon a chair lit it at the gas. This was final. Such a smoke would have stupefied a garden

of bees. But though her cure was complete and worthy to be proudly recorded, one pretty keepsake had been degraded for ever—the sunny memory of his mother, frail and still amid her laces; and two blue eyes opening like dawn upon the dew-drops sprinkling her fair cheeks. This woman's petticoat was of coarse flannel. Apparently, ugly thoughts had been for a while forgotten, for when her dazed eyes rolled beneath the lids and looked out, the boy discovered the same face as he had seen smiling mawkishly upon Jacobs himself.

"Are you better?" he said, flourishing the smouldering paper.

The woman smiled again.

"I hope I did not burn you, but you know it's best, although it's a beastly smell." Still the woman smiled. Her smiling was becoming as doltish as her stare. Further parleying was unprofitable.

"I hope you won't split on me, you know. I saw you through the door. I think I'll be going back now—Jacobs is a bit of a—is a——" What thing conciliatory could come after "bit"? The locket seemed to be letting words pass one by one, and a fat hand fumbled to remove it. The smile was crystallising into the familiar wrinkled stare.

"You *look* better," said the boy, edging towards the door. "I remember my mother"—but his tongue refused for shame to recite his memories. He found it difficult to turn his back upon the woman's eyes. But when at last he reached the door he whipped round quick.

"Little boy," said the woman, in a fulsome voice, "Little boy!"

His heart burned within him. Had he been lying, eyes could not have searched his face more intently and suspiciously. So the under lip drooped with obstinacy and sullenness (the under lip of a trenchant grandfather).

"What?" he said.

"I was took ill, wasn't I? The heat is something dreadful, my eyes swam in my head, they did. Come here, I won't eat

you, little boy." Cunning peeped out of an unctuous face. The boy waited for the trap. "What a pretty belt," she continued, rolling her handkerchief into a ball, "and ain't you got a nice dagger?"

Her laughing was ludicrous. "I must be going now, thank you," said the boy. He eyed her stormily.

"Dear, dear, you was good to me, just like a doctor." Her eyes roamed in confusion into every corner of the room; and the boy had difficulty to prevent his own from following. "Just like a doctor you was." And again silence overlapped her last word. Was Jacobs playing the sneak and spying with muffled laughter? Was the raider being ridiculed?

"Oh, I had such a funny dream. As if I had seen a horrid sight." She shot him a glance. "P'raps now I startled you."

"Your eyes did look rather funny," apologised the boy, "and the skin, you know, twitched as if the water burnt. But I didn't mind."

"How long was you there, eh?" Her nails were uncomfortably sharp upon his shirted arm. "Just ye tell me how long you was there!" The boy stared at her sullenly. "Oh, my dear, tell me, tell me, tell the old woman! Lor'! my red face frightens the mite. It was all accident. It's the same again. It was all accident. God knows I didn't." She fondled the dagger hand between her harsh palms. "What did I say? What? How long was you there?" She stamped her foot. "Tell me, my pretty. That's right, saucer-eyes, stare, stare! Oh, I know I'm ugly. Ain't he said so often? But he was joking. Oh, little boy, what shall I do, what shall I do?" She leant her chin in her hand and her tears gushed down anew.

The boy stood stark at her side. This consummate capitulation unnerved him, and his heart was heaving within him menacingly.

"I must go now," he said, trying with the least obvious

aversion to drag his hand from her hot wet cheek. The woman snuffled loudly. Her tears seemed magically to evaporate. "Go? I must go, I, I must go." She vigorously shook her skirts. She searched in vain for her bonnet upon her head. (The boy nearly laughed, so absurd was the attempt—for the bunched thing was dangling by its strings behind her back.) She opened a fat purse, and from among crumpled papers took out a sixpence. "There, my little dear, there, a silver sixpence. I'm that flurried. Don't pry, little boy. What, won't you take it? Shake your head? Oh, dear, he won't take it; very well, very well." The purse shut like a mouse-trap.

This woman was a very strange woman. He had never met a stout person of such remarkable conduct. Now she was gone out into the garden, and the door was open to the night. For the night wind was bellying his nightshirt and icy beneath his arms. Here was the cat rolling wet upon the oil-cloth. The boy stood dismayed and discomfited. The cat rubbed his legs with sodden fur. Was the silence always, and sound only sometimes? Yet the gas was singing—no chansonette. A wisp of hair was patting his forehead under his ridiculous cap brim. The silence entangled his thoughts. He encountered a medley of absurdities, and all productive only of chicken-skin and perplexity. He glanced at the clock, which thereupon immediately began to tick. His eyes dodged from side to side of the familiar kitchen until, as it were, a finger was laid upon his thoughts and chaos became unity. His eyes had come upon the cupboard door. There at the bottom, shut in and swinging with the wind, was a corner of green baize. Jacobs was become an entity again, a threat, a punitive tyrant. What was to come? He stood eyeing the green alarm. Then it *was* ridicule, and the sting was yet to be felt. Jacobs was coming back, for he heard the door whinny. He looked all fear over his shoulder. It was the woman staring out of the dark at him. He had hardly moved a foot to run when she was upon him.

"You was looking, you was looking. It's no use. Oh, the night is so dark, and the rain is on the trees, and faces in the bushes. There was a gate; I walked 'appily through. Where's it gone, where's it gone? Don't you know?" said she, speaking close to his face, "don't you know, little boy, I shall be hung? And I can't find the gate. The holly pricked my face. It was fine once, and nice and sunny. I walked, and walked, and walked. And I get so easy tired now. Oh, how could I do it? Open the door and see, little boy. Oh, how could I do it? 'You ain't the first,' says he. And I come of honest people. And my fingers stood out stiff; and a smudge of colours danced in my eyes like midges. 'What, what?' Oh, and then he fell down like a bundle and wouldn't speak, wouldn't speak. How could I do it? 'You ain't the first,' says he. 'What, what?' says I. And then he hit me. And me as I am! 'I sha'n't leave you, you can't make me. Wy, wy! don't you see, little boy?' I said to him, 'Only let me stop with you, that's all.' 'You ain't the first,' says he laughing—laughing. And me as I am, me as I am! Oh, he won't understand. Listen, little boy. 'You ain't the first, you ain't the first'—that's what he said. Oh, if I hadn't drunk the beer, if I hadn't done that!" The boy was struggling to understand. Such broken words told him nothing, and yet were brimming over with meaning only too surely. He frowned at the red moving face and loose lips. One fact was as plain as the fluttering baize. He proceeded with trepidation and began to turn the metal tongue which held back the door. It turned, usually loose, stiffly, then suddenly gave way.

And the boy's first thought was, Why, he's quite a little man.

He leaned forward and peered into the puckered clammy face. Would he be buried with that pucker? And his chin was dented with the pin in his cravat. A gallipot stood near, touching one limp hand. The door-tongue was stiff, he supposed, because the corner of the baize apron was stuck to the

varnish of the frame. But the golden letter, the tag by which to hang the many details in the boy's memory, was the gallipot. Gallipots had gained an essential, flavouring even the jam of after feast-days. Partly in the general ingenuity of things, partly because of a sooty, windy chimney where lay a book with a wedge of piecrust atop.

In the Calendar of Newgate is the record of an old man strangled by two covetous nephews who eluded the gibbet by a horrible stratagem. To his own door-post they hanged the dead man. Until one of them, to ease his soul upon his deathbed, made confession, the old man lay beneath the tramlings of the cross-roads. He was universally believed to have committed *felo de se*. The miscreants in their hot search had lighted upon a handful of spade guineas hid in a gallipot. Thus stood the boy, eyeing his quiet enemy while he brooded over the suggestion of this pernicious romance. The woman was unimportant. She was standing by the table twisting, now up, now down, her green bonnet-strings.

"How did you do it?" said the boy, taking a cautious step forward. "Did he struggle? But isn't he tiny?"

The questions were unanswered and unrepeatd. That mole upon the bluish clay-coloured cheek was certainly grown blacker.

"You aren't going to leave him like this?" he said sharply. The woman paid him no attention. "They'd find that out in no time."

Even in the midst of this callous analysis, the woman's childlike attitude attracted his sympathy. "Because you know I'd be awfully pleased to help you. I didn't care much for old Jacobs myself; but he's dead now. He *is* dead?" The woman smothered his instant fear with an eyeshot of horror. "You wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance as it is. They'd catch you easy."

The woman nodded. "I don't care; I hope they will. I don't care, 'cause I can't think."

"That's all rot," said the boy stoutly.

The woman was unpleasing and paradoxical in this mood, and suggestive of a wax model, which, with diabolical tremors, moves its glazed eyes and turns a glossy head. He turned again to the cupboard. His enemy was quite harmless apparently; only once before had he seen Jacobs asleep—on a sultry afternoon in the drawing-room, gaping, sonorous. Then he had gone out as he had entered, on tiptoe. Now he squatted down by the cupboard, examining closely, holding out an unwilling finger towards the small hand. A baby will point at a kitten. He compared the woman's face and this other face, and found a fancy strangely contradictory of the facts: Jacobs was truly the man of blood; this woman should be mute and still. And again, the gallipot was the only real and eloquent thing. His mind had completed the circuit. He stood up convinced.

"This would be the very first place they would look into," he said with decision. "I should look here myself. But don't you see you needn't be caught at all if you do what I tell you. I read it in a book of mine." The woman lifted a mechanical head and looked at him. She turned and found something, perhaps unexpected—a meagre little boy with linnet legs and narrow shoulders, a lean face of bilious brown, with straight brown hair beneath a yachting cap; a boy in stockings and a belt; a boy with narrow dark eyes set steep in his head. She drew on her bonnet and loosened her dress about her throat.

Manifestly she was preparing to go. "Really, on my word of honour, it would be alright. A baby could do it."

The woman knelt down by his side in a posture not unlike the inmate's of the cupboard. "Tell me, tell me quick, you silly lamb. What did 'e say—a baby could do it?"

"Yes," said the boy, outwardly cool, but inwardly ardent, "it's as easy as A B C. You get a rope and make a noose, and put it over his head and round his neck, you know, just as if you were going to be hanged, and then you hang him up on a nail or something. He mustn't touch the ground, of course.

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You throttled him, didn't you? You see there's no blood. They'd say he hanged himself, don't you see, don't you see? They'd find old Jacobs hanging to the kitchen, don't you see, don't you see?" he repeated petulantly.

"Oh, I couldn't do it, not for worlds, I couldn't. I'd sooner stop here beside 'im." She began to sob vacuously.

"You could, I tell you. A baby could do it. You're a funk. I'm going to, I tell you, I'm going to." He stamped his stockinged foot.

"I'm not doing it for myself, you know," he added over his shoulder, as he sallied out to the boot cupboard for a rope. Once more the tide of consciousness flowed in the woman's stolid, tired brain. Two or three words the hero had said had fallen upon good ground. And with consciousness, fear had come back. She waddled after the boy. The vagrant inmates of the cupboard had been carelessly swept from the corner, and now he was trailing the rope behind him as he went to the pantry for brandy. His match burned itself out meanwhile, and he stayed in the dark (the woman close behind him), rummaging among the bottles and dishes. At last the stopper was encountered. He returned triumphant, flipping custard from his fingers. The woman followed close behind him, stumbling ever and again upon his trailing rope, and thereby considerably adding to her fears and ductility. Brandy set her tongue gabbling faster. It gave the boy the strength and zeal of a stage villain. He skipped hither and thither in haste, and presently had run the rope over a large hook in the ceiling, whence a sizzling joint had but yesterday depended. His face was set; his grandfather's under-lip drawn under. Truly he now considered himself indeed master of the ceremonies and the woman but an insignificant accomplice, quite irresponsible. She cried on hopelessly as she helped to drag the body out of the cupboard. But a keener impassive will compelled her obedience. She followed the boy's every nod. Presently she almost forgot the horror of the task, and found a partial oblivion in the intensity of her labours. The boy was dis-

pleased by her maunderings. They were a doleful refrain to his troublesome grisly work; but he made no open reproof. Once she buried her face in the baize apron and embraced the knees of the dead man. Only once she made any complaint against him.

At last the boy drew back to view his handiwork. This he did with inscrutable face, perhaps a face flattered at his own rare ingenuity, perhaps a face of unsophisticated infamy. Apparently the body swung naturally enough, in some sort resembling the print in his Calendar, yet the consummation was incomplete. One thing was absent, one blemish spoiled the effect, one absent thing robbed it of unity. He stood hunting for it without success.

With sage frowns he followed the woman into the passage. She walked unsteadily, swaying bulkily to and fro, now and again violently colliding with the wall. "Oh, it was crule, crule," she was muttering.

After her stalked the boy, deep in thought. When she stopped, he stopped; when once more she set forward, as patiently he too set forward with her. Which of them was blind and which leader it would be difficult to say. This dogged search after the one thing wanting was in vain. He decided that it must be looked for in solitude.

"I think you had better go now," he said. "He'll be coming home soon. Jacobs' clock was half-past eleven. My father, you know——" He saw his stepmother, hysterical before her swaying manservant. It faintly, half-sadly tickled his fancy.

He opened the front door. It was still raining, and the smell of the damp earth and ivy leaves came into the house. The woman sat down upon the doorstep. "Where shall I go?" she said. "Where shall I go? There ain't anywhere." The boy scowled at the dripping trees. He could detect foes in every bush, footsteps, and alarums. But the poniard dangled boldly at hip.

"There ain't anywhere," wept his poor, worn-out confederate. She was scrutinised scornfully from under his yachting cap. "Wait a minute," he said. He ran at full speed up the stairs to his bedroom. Alas! his spurless feet were clean without clank or bravery. The book, the mouse-nibbled piecrust were tossed upon the hearthrug, and a florin dug out of the soot. Down he came again pell mell.

Like a cat venturing upon a busy street, the woman was standing upon the last of three crescent steps. "I've brought you this, you know," said he superciliously.

"Thank you, sir," said the woman.

She paused yet again in an attitude not unfamiliar to the boy—the fingers of her left hand (many-ringed) closely pressed upon mouth and cheek. He wondered momentarily what she was thinking about, and if she had noticed that it was a two-shilling piece which he had given her. He was yet wondering, when she stepped out into the rain.

Soon a shrill shout followed her. "Mind the ditch in the road by the hedge." A brief tenderness lit her thoughts. She came back and lifted the boy in her arms, pressing him tightly to her bosom.

"I don't know w'y or anything. Oh, my lamb, I ain't got anywhere to go." She hid her eyes on his shoulder. "Oh little boy, I miss him so. The Lord God keep you safe. You was very kind to me. But there ain't anywhere for my poor mite."

She set him down, and waddled out again under the cedar tree. The boy rubbed the smarting tears from his neck. He shut the door, feeling not a little pained and indignant. She had said never a word about the two-shilling piece. Had she taken it for a penny?

This tame reaction was mawkish and displeasing; he paused, uncertain what to be doing. And then suddenly memory rendered up the one thing needful—Jacobs *must* have kicked a chair down. What man can hang himself without a drop? The boy's valour was, after all, but a little shaken by the

embrace. Into the kitchen he walked victorious. The gas was still singing (so it had sung all the evening, giving light). The puckered face looked stupidly at him with dull, dull-lidded eyes. He bent for the chair too quickly. A light spring-side boot tapped his cheek. The chair was thrown down. The art was masterly. He rose with clenched fists, and whispered over his shoulder to the woman. Only Jacobs was there, tremulously swinging. The martial ancestor had made his exit, the boy making timid raid, for mere meat patty was re-arisen. Uncertain wind and gas and the thousand minute unnecessary things of a familiar kitchen were unchanged. The boy ran to the front door and bawled for the woman. The rain was softly falling on the turf; and here, beneath the porch, in minute drops. Now in the bushes skulked none to molest: nothing, nothing. The flat palms of the cedar tree were unnaturally still. Then he ran back into the house whimpering "Mother!" Then louder; and all the blind things of the house took wooden voices. So up and down the white-shirted raider ran, his poniard clapping against sudden corners, his tongue calling in vain, and at last falling dumb for terror of its own clamour.

But all the world's people were gone out of knowledge. Solitude had swallowed him up. And a child's fear is like a winding staircase that never ends, till sleep—or waking—bring oblivion.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

ERNEST DOWSON

IN so commercial an age as ours it is scarce astonishing that the extremely delicate work of Ernest Dowson (a few perfect things in prose and verse) should have received little or no recognition. In his brief tragic life he had in truth found time to grow weary of fighting against forces too powerful for his strength, and long before the end the end was already in his soul. Mr. Arthur Symons's subtle and beautiful essay in the *Fortnightly Review* (since reprinted in "Studies in Prose and Verse")—an essay from which I have gathered all I know of Dowson's life—is the sole reminder left to us of that melancholy struggle, is, indeed, I think, though its tone is somewhat apologetic, the only serious appreciation Dowson's genius ever attracted.

Born in 1867, Ernest Dowson died in London on February 23, 1900. The poetry he left is contained in three tiny volumes, all of which are now out of print: "Verses," published in 1896; "The Pierrot of the Minute," a one-act play in verse, published in 1897; and "Decorations," published, after his death, in 1900. His prose—such of it, at least, as really counts as his—is to be found in "Dilemmas" (1895), and in certain numbers of the "Savoy" and the "Yellow Book."

In the outward circumstances of Dowson's life—so far removed as these must always seem from the spirit of his work—in the latter years of that life at any rate, there is little that is pleasant to dwell upon, little that is not sordid. Literary drudgery; a ridiculous impossible love for the daughter of the

keeper of a restaurant; an at first gradual, and then rapid, descent into the depths of squalor and degradation; an obstinate refusal to appeal to his relatives for help; a passion for drink, to which, in the end, when his life was hopelessly ruined, he utterly abandoned himself. Then, death at last, not wholly unwelcome, perhaps, yet, in the circumstances, pitiful enough, coming just on the eve of a small inheritance upon which he had begun to build many hopes, many plans for the future. The second chance, one wonders? Well, hardly that; for with Dowson there could never have been any chance at all. He died, in fact, not quite unbefriended, but, by the world at large, perfectly unknown.

Yet, if Dowson wrote but little, nearly everything he *did* write was beautiful, had a quite extraordinary and intensely personal charm, had too the very rare and precious quality of conveying in a single verse, sometimes in a single line, an infinity of suggestion, as in the opening of the wonderful "Vesperal":

Strange grows the river on the sunless evenings!
The river comforts me, grown spectral, vague and dumb:
Long was the day; at last the consoling shadows come:
Sufficient for the day are the day's evil things!

And with what a perfect economy of words, with what a passionate desire for perfection, these little poems are wrought; the innermost light shining out through them in a clear tremulous flame that wavers and bends with every passing breath of the spirit, so that their meaning changes for us with our changing moods, and yet remains, in the deepest sense of the words, ever the same. Here is a poem to a dead child, a poem characteristic of Dowson at his best, and with how restrained and uncomplaining a sorrow the simple words are spoken:

Sleep on, dear, now
The last sleep and the best,
And on thy brow,
And on thy quiet breast,
Violets I throw.

Thy scanty years
Were mine a little while
Life had no fears
To trouble thy brief smile
With toil or tears.

Lie still, and be
For evermore a child :
Not grudgingly,
Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee.

Slumber so deep
No man would rashly wake,
I hardly weep,
Fain only for thy sake
To share thy sleep.

Yes, to be dead,
Dead, here with thee to-day—
When all is said
'Twere good by thee to lay
My weary head.

The very best !
Ah, child, so tired of play,
I stand confessed :
I want to come thy way,
And share thy rest.

Well, things so delicate and beautiful as this will not, we may be sure, attract many readers ; but even the compilers of anthologies know nothing of Ernest Dowson. In that large and by no means exclusive anthology, the "Oxford Book of Verse," you will look for him in vain, though its pages shelter the most minor of poets, and quite a number of writers who are not, in any sense of the word, poets at all. The whole thing is rather curious. It is as if he were the victim of some strange conspiracy of silence. Yet, he would seem to have been acquainted with a good many literary men of one kind and another, and his writings appeared from time to time in

newspapers. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that his work has never received the recognition it deserves, has been left to drop down too quickly into that dim world of silence and oblivion, which, but for the efforts of two or three poets of our own day, would have swallowed up the work of one who had not a little in common with Ernest—the luckless Gérard de Nerval.

But even if chance had favoured him, even had his constitution been more robust, had his health not given way, and had he been able to continue writing, even had some one been forthcoming to cry his wares in the market-place, it must be confessed that Ernest Dowson's poetry could never have become very popular. To most people it must mean so little, must seem so shadowy, so remote from the world in which they live. It comes from a distance, and with a strange hush about it, as though borne on some quiet wind of death. Very melodious, this music, very sweet and delicate; but the pipe into which it is so faintly blown is, after all, hardly the joyous flute of Pan—a reed rather, a reed plucked somewhere far away “by the pale marge of Acheron.”

Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles

It is the art of Verlaine, an art grown wonderfully human and tender, shrinking a little from the broad light of day, but blossoming with a strange and perfect beauty in the twilight.

Car nous voulons la nuance encor,
Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance.

It is as if a child, entering at dusk a great empty silent room, were to touch, very softly and timidly, the notes of a piano he found there. . . . And Dowson, through everything, and to the end, was in truth half a child—lovable, irresponsible, shy, gentle, sad—sad above all, for he was a child who had been forgotten, passed over, who had been left alone, one might say, alone in the melancholy stillness of a ruined garden. And all life, as he saw it, came in time to be a kind of malady of

dreaming; and he himself, from boyhood, was half in love with Death. "The viol, the violet, and the vine"—that, of Edgar Poe's, was his favourite line of verse, and the fact is significant. His own a poetry of youth, but faded, you see, a little faded and already drooping—turning, falling, falling very softly.

Mr. Arthur Symons has spoken of his "indebtedness, always obvious, to Mr. Swinburne;" but to my mind nothing could very well be further from Mr. Swinburne's vehemence, redundancy, and lack of restraint, than the exquisite, half-shy, just a little self-conscious art of Ernest Dowson. It is Paul Verlaine who is his real master. Take this translation of one of the best known pieces in "Sagesse":

The sky is up above the roof,
So blue, so soft !
A tree there, up above the roof,
Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see,
Chimes low and faint :
A bird upon that tree we see,
Maketh complaint.

Dear God ! Is not the life up there
Simple and sweet ?
How peacefully are borne up there
Sounds of the street !

What hast thou done, who comest here,
To weep alway ?
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
Thy youth away ?

Is it not almost as beautiful as the original? Yet with Dowson, resemblance to his master is always an effect of a perfect sympathy, never one of conscious imitation. Whether or no the great French poet had lived, Ernest Dowson could only have written as he did write, and the peculiar quality of his genius is, after all, as apparent in his prose, which is

certainly far enough removed from the wretched prose of Verlaine, as in his verse.

He writes of love, but it is always of a love purified by renunciation or by death, a passion refined to the last degree ; white and visionary—a passion of the spirit. We may think, indeed, that like Poe he loved best those who were passed “beyond the need of weeping,” and perhaps they alone could understand him, be with him when he had most need of them, be with him in his most intimate hours. His genius is faint and ghost-like, flitting palely through the old silent streets of Bruges-la-Morte, or through the dreamy quiet of some sunlit Breton village. What matter if his style be now and then a little affected ! Be sure that the affectation is there only for some quaint beauty in it, is really only on the surface, and expressive of a vision of life most perfectly sincere. As a matter of fact there never was a more personal writer than the author of “The Diary of a Successful Man.” It is of his own loves that he writes, his own dreams, his own sorrows. His little stories, clothed though they be in a studied and deliberate beauty, have about them a grave and simple sweetness which is very human. “Apple-blossom in Brittany,” “The Diary of a Successful Man”—it is difficult to see how any one can be indifferent to their tenderness and charm, their most gracious idealism. Take, for instance, the opening sentence of one of the stories in “Dilemmas” ; “A Case of Conscience” :

It was in Brittany, and the apples were already acquiring a ruddier, autumnal tint, amid their greens and yellows, though autumn was not yet ; and the country lay very still and fair in the sunset which had befallen, softly and suddenly as is the fashion there.

Well, it is easy to see that the author of those lines knew how to write, and Dowson's style has always a delicate and faintly fragrant charm about it—a charm to me, I know not why, suggestive of old bosky gardens, and moss-stained sundials, and dreamy summer afternoons. The stories he tells are, for the most part, of course, but variations upon a single

theme—a theme of love, but, as I have already remarked, love somehow missed, or deliberately sacrificed, or overtaken by death. Death! Surely no one else has made of it so beautiful a thing. For Dowson it had early lost all strangeness, all terror, and was become, in the end, the very spirit of pity and tenderness, the releaser, the comforter, drawing softly near, “with healing in his wings.”

FORREST REID.

QUAINT MEMORIES

II

I WAS reading the other day Miss Burney's singularly attractive "Evelina," which Dr. Johnson thought so highly of, and Burke sat up all night to read; and their admiration can hardly be said to be misplaced. It is almost hard to realise how such manners and customs could have prevailed little more than a hundred years ago. And yet, carry the date on some fifty years, and you may find ways of going on which would be absolutely impossible at the present day. Conceive something of this kind happening in a parish in 1905:

The brother of a once-famous Dean of Christ Church was rector of a small parish. His eccentricity was somewhat remarkable. He was a famous whip, and drove a splendid team, of which he was very proud. He was fond of showing off how he could flick a fly from either of his leaders' ears without touching the horse. This accomplishment he transferred to a rather unexpected locality; for he always carried his whip up into the pulpit with him, and woe to the unfortunate member of his congregation whom he detected nodding, or otherwise misbehaving. The lash flew round and round in such pretty curls, and finally descended with unerring aim on the head of the delinquent. Doubtless with the best motives, and with no sense of what we should consider

their strange incongruity as to time and place, such methods *might* have been adopted, but the self-centred unconsciousness of the monarch of all he surveyed, that any other opinion of the appropriateness of his mode of instilling beneficial culture could possibly be entertained inside or outside of his little parochial enclosure, rather moves one's sense of humour.

But those were days when every one did what appeared right in his own eyes, and there were no vigilant and curious and ubiquitous reporters to take steps that each smallest occurrence should be flashed over the world, as Dr. Johnson has it, "from China to Peru," or more fittingly to the point now, "from Britain to Japan."

A propos of singular methods, I remember my father telling me of a noted Nonconformist preacher of that day in London who, in his anxiety to arouse his congregation from their inertness, and to move them to personal activity, trenchantly expressed himself thus: "You won't take any trouble for yourselves, you won't move a finger. In fact, you all think you'll get to heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. But I'll take care you don't. I'll cheat you, for I'll go in a short jacket." This kind of thing would somewhat astonish a London congregation at the present day.

Another anecdote illustrates clerical oddities of that period.

There was another clergyman who lived near us who had a great fancy for training up the small boys in his village to be good grooms. For this purpose he kept eight donkeys, and used to make the boys clip and groom them and keep them in perfect order, and he would drive them, sometimes in tandem, sometimes a pair, but oftener as a team—four, six, or eight—with the small boys always ready to run to their heads if necessary. And those donkeys *did* know how to go. They could go splendidly; but they also knew how to go backwards or stop dead short, and then no power could move them till they chose; and they always seemed to prefer to show off in this way in the middle of the town, particularly on market days, to the great annoyance of their master and

the delight of the spectators. I remember once he was in Oxford, and wishing to attend some college meeting, he sent a message to his head groom (a lad of twelve or fourteen), to bring his cap and gown to the "Angel." He happened to be in the inn when the lad arrived, driving the donkeys tandem through the streets, and dressed up in his master's cap and gown ! When he thought the boys were sufficiently instructed, he exchanged the donkeys for four horses, but was obliged to buy stools for the boys to stand on to groom them, as they were so small they could not otherwise reach high enough.

This same good clergyman found his parishioners were greatly given to stealing his young rooks. So one night he dressed himself up in a sheet, and waited patiently under the trees till the thieves were well up them, when he suddenly let off a blue light. They screamed out to each other that the devil was after them for stealing "parson's rooks." Down they came helter-skelter as hard as they could. One man fell into a ditch and spent the night there, afraid to move, whilst another rushed home, and finding his wife gone to bed, and the door locked, would not wait for her to open it, but burst it open before she could get downstairs, and tumbled into bed with his clothes on. Unfortunately for the rooks, this ingenious parson enjoyed the joke so much that he could not help telling the tale, and it was not long before the culprits knew who the *somebody* really was !

Thinking of Oxford reminds me of poor old Mr. Short of Trinity, or Tommy Short as he was irreverently called. He was one of the warmest-hearted of men. The numberless kind things he did for undergraduates and others may still be remembered by some old men of the present day ; but he was quite a noted character in his time, and many were the practical jokes played at his expense. He used to walk from Oxford to Abingdon every Sunday morning, to take morning service at St. Nicholas. One Sunday the floods were out in the lower part of the town, and some lads were trying to earn an honest penny by carrying or wheeling any one who would

trust them through the water. They managed to persuade Mr. Short to get into the wheelbarrow, and, having once got him into it, they ran him straight on up to the church door, where they landed him in the midst of his astonished congregation.

But before leaving the Oxford dons I really must relate a rather curious story which Dr. Mansel, the late Dean of St. Paul's, told me, of a meeting he once attended, where a local dissenting preacher got up and addressed the meeting with, "My friends, you've got these learned English clergy here, and I should just like to ask them a few plain questions. You see, my friends, they make a lot of being able to read different languages, but I am thankful to say I have got my own English Bible, and that's enough for me. What, my friends, do you mean to tell me that you suppose St. Paul read all that gibberish? No, no, my friends, you may depend upon it St. Paul talked as good honest English as you and I do. Now I just want to ask them a question out of my English Bible, which I'll trouble them to answer. Now, they are always wanting to baptize the babies. Now, where do they find that in the English Bible? I read, 'Except a *man* be born again.' Now, my friends, it don't say a *boy*, nor a *gal*, nor even a *ooman*, much less a *babby*, but a *man* must be born again. Now answer me that?" Dr. Mansel got up and said he could not congratulate himself upon knowing *only* the English language. On the contrary, he was deeply thankful to feel that he could read the Bible in the languages in which it was originally written. But that was neither here nor there. Now, to answer his friend out of his own English Bible, it is written that a woman "remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a *man* is born into the world." "Now, my friends, it does *not* say a *boy*, it does *not* say a *girl*, and it *certainly* does *not* say a *baby*, but a *man* that is born into the world."

But I must not let my thoughts linger with Dr. Mansel, delightful as the subject is, for every one who ever knew him has doubtless treasured up some of his wonderfully clever, witty

sayings, but I must go back still further, for I want you to realise something of the old electioneering days, and the fun that went on and the tricks that were played on both sides. At one election the numbers ran so close that there was only one vote wanted to turn the scale, but the Radicals had caught that vote, and shut him up in a house, placing men to guard the door. Now it happened to be a very narrow street, called Bridge Street, where the house stood, and his friends, finding out where he was, ran a ladder across from the opposite house, through an upper window, and the voter crawled across, and was taken by his friends to the poll, while his captors were still carefully guarding the door, amid the jeers of the mob, who had thoroughly enjoyed watching the performance.

I know one election cost us a very valuable silver inkstand, for it was known that the Member and his lawyer were dining at our house, and thinking they might gain some valuable information, a man was sent by the opposition into the garden, and told to lie on the deep window-sill under the dining-room window, to hear all he could of what was discussed. The weather was very warm, and the windows were wide open, though the blinds were down; and after the gentlemen left the dining-room, the man put his hand in and secured the inkstand in question, which was on a table near the window. It was not missed till the next morning, when it had already been sent to be melted down.

Sir Frederic Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, was for many years our Member, and in those old chairing days it was great fun to see him carried about in a chair, decorated with the Conservative colours, and borne on the shoulders of his constituents, bowing right and left, and trying to look as if he liked it and as if he did not feel giddy, whilst he scattered profusion around, in the shape of shillings, sixpences, and fourpences. The struggles and scrambling that went on for this largess was anything but edifying, for the weakest, of course, got nothing, whilst the strongest, and generally the most worthless, filled their pockets, only to empty them at the public.

I remember hearing that at a large public meeting the speaker was interrupted by a man shouting out, "Why do you use those long words? Why don't you talk a language we can all understand?" The speaker looked the man steadily in the face for a minute or two, and then said "Ee-awh!" three times, as loud as he could. The man subsided amidst a roar of laughter.

But enough of elections, and now for a word about a singular form of female decoration. Lady Thesiger once showed me a curious bracelet she was wearing. It was made of little bits of sharp-pointed ivory set in gold. If I remember right, she told me she had had fourteen children, and this bracelet was made of the first little tooth of each child. It struck me as such a quaint idea that I never forgot it.

Radley in my young days belonged to the Bowyer family. Sir George Bowyer's father, having been cheated by some scoundrel into the belief that there was coal on the estate, began at once to have a canal dug to take it away; and there the remains of the unfinished canal may be seen to this day.

But alas! all the property was gradually dug into it, and mortgage after mortgage told a ruinous tale, till at last the old man was obliged to end his days in Italy, and there his two sons were educated by the Jesuits till, at their father's death, they returned to England. But the estates were mortgaged past hope, and the new Sir George was thankful to sell the property to the trustees of what is now Radley College.

When Sir George first returned to England he was a frequent visitor at my father's, but after he declared himself a Romanist his visits were discontinued. His brother could hardly speak a word of English when he first returned from Italy, and knew nothing of English ways and customs. We were asked to meet him at dinner at a friend's house, but at the appointed hour no guest appeared, so after waiting for some time, dinner was ordered in. The fish was just removed when the butler whispered something very mysteriously to his master, who at once sent him round with a private

message to my father, who was a county magistrate, when both gentlemen rose and left the room, followed by the butler. The lady of the house called to one of the servants and insisted on knowing what was the matter. "If you please, ma'am, the cook has found a man in the pantry and she is sure he is after the silver spoons." In a few moments my father and our host returned, convulsed with laughter, and ushered in the expected guest. When they got downstairs they found the cook planted with her back against the door, saying: "It's no use your talking that gibberish. I tell you you shan't come out till master and the men folk come down." Mr. Bowyer explained that it was the custom in Italy to walk straight into a friend's house, and finding a door open he had wandered in till the cook found him in the pantry and locked him in.

I remember reading a very funny letter of condolence Mr. Bowyer sent to a poor clergyman on the death of his wife. I know it began by saying he was so very sorry to hear his friend had lost his wife, but for his own part he only wished he could have the luck to lose one, but he couldn't, for he never could get one, and it was all the fault of the fathers, who would not give him a chance, &c.

The day I read that letter I shall never forget. It was the day after the poor lady had been buried. My father had sent me with a note and a kind message, and, whilst waiting for the answer, the poor widower came in and begged me to wait whilst he wrote, and handed me Mr. Bowyer's letter, amongst others, to read meantime. He was dreadfully cut up, poor man, and could hardly speak to me, and I suppose I felt rather nervous and upset also, for I had known them both from a child. However, I had not read far into the letter before I burst out laughing, and the poor old man caught the infection, and he laughed too, and we both laughed so heartily that we got quite hysterical and I was thankful to get away before his daughters returned, for I felt sure they would think me a most unfeeling wretch.

My stories, I am afraid, tumble one over the other, but I

must ask my readers to pick them up and make the very best they can of them.

A cousin of mine went to take duty in a remote hamlet in Lincolnshire. He was astonished to find a great part of the west end of the church, under the tower, stacked almost to the roof with faggots. He told the clerk, after service, that he hoped they would be taken away, anything so unseemly could not be allowed in a church. "Lor', sir! Muster A——" (mentioning the farmer's name) "would never hear of they faggots being moved. Why, they do make capital ferreting. There's a wonderful lot of rabbits gets in there, and beautiful sport 'tis too, I can tell you. No, 'twould never do to move they faggots!" In the winter my cousin would often receive a message from the farmer saying it was so cold that nobody wouldn't go to church to-day, but if Muster Paul liked to come, there'd be no objection to his having service in the kitchen.

There was a curate in the neighbouring hamlet who was anxious to make it a model village. But the people thought him too meddlesome in some things, and especially resented his wanting to choose their children's names. So they kept their children back till he went for his holidays, and then brought them all to be christened, and called them the most outlandish names. I remember one called her son Maher-shalal-hash-baz, and the unfortunate youth went by the name of Baz as long as he lived. He may be alive now; I do not know. But that was not so comical as what occurred to Mr. Roberts, a chaplain of Magdalen, who was baptizing a gypsy child at Drayton. When he asked for the name they said: "If the gentleman would be pleased to choose himself, they did not mind as long as it was a Scripture name." But he told them he would prefer their choosing for themselves; so after much consultation they said they had agreed that they wished it called *Beelzebub*! and when he remonstrated that he could not possibly give the child that name, they said, "Why, it's a Bible name, sir, so it must be a good un."

I wonder whether you will believe the following: When I was a young girl, I was staying with some friends at Burton-on-Trent, and at church in the afternoon a very young curate got up and began trying to preach extempore. He gave out his text, "Remember Lot's wife," and then, evidently in his nervousness, his memory utterly failed him, and after waiting for some time he again repeated, "Remember Lot's wife." But it was no use. "My friends, we are told to 'Remember Lot's wife.' Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to—[*aside*] Oh! dear, that's not it—'Remember Lot's wife.'" So again and again the poor fellow tried, and at last gave up in despair. He could *not* remember what he meant to have said. On my return to the house, the old housekeeper met me at the door, and asked me if I had been to church, and on my telling her I had: "Then please tell me what the sermon was about?" I laughed, and asked her why she wanted to know? She said the page told her he had been to church, but she did not believe him, for when she asked him what the sermon was about, he said, "I don't know what sort of a sermon ye call it. It was all about telling a fellow to look after another fellow's wife." I thought it was an excellent *résumé* of the discourse.

I am afraid I have given my readers too many incidents bordering on the ridiculous. I must now wind up this second instalment of my "Quaint Memories" with something of a more serious cast.

There were some friends of my dear father's who often used to visit us when I was a very little child; but I never can forget their history.

Captain Sturt was sailing in his yacht off the coast of Portugal when a sudden calm set in, and for several days they had to cling as close to the rocks as they could, to get a slight land breeze. They were becalmed off Cape St. Vincent, and one day Captain Sturt went ashore to explore. He climbed up the rock, and there on the top, lying a little way back, stood a large convent. He walked up to look at

it, and was surprised to see a small handkerchief waving from the grating in the gate. On going up to it he found two nuns behind it. One of them spoke to him in English, telling her sad tale. She said her father was an Englishman, and her mother a Portuguese lady of fortune. I believe they lived in England during their married life. On her husband's death the widow returned with her daughter to Portugal to claim her property, and they lived there for some years. On her mother's death the girl's uncle seized on her property and promptly shut his niece up in the convent. She said she was perfectly miserable, and implored Captain Sturt to get her out. She had only one friend, the nun who was with her, who was as anxious as she was to escape. What could he do? Surely he could manage something for them. After a short conversation it was agreed that, on the following evening, when the other nuns went to vespers, she was to plead indisposition and ask leave for her friend to remain in her cell with her. The cell had a window that overlooked the sea. Captain Sturt was to come with some of his men and throw up a rope ladder to the barred window, and they were to try and squeeze through. This she managed to do. But her friend, who was somewhat stouter, stuck fast between the bars of the window, and no efforts could drag her through, neither could she squeeze herself back. At last Captain Sturt was most reluctantly obliged to leave her, poor thing, or, as he said, they would all have been lost.

When they arrived in England Captain Sturt married the lady. But she was so distressed and miserable about the fate of her poor friend that he sailed off again, as soon as he could, to see if there was any possibility of rescuing her. But alas! where the window once was, with its iron grating, there now stood out a large bulge of masonry. They had bricked the poor creature in.

Years after, when I was steaming round the same coast, the captain of the vessel I was in, lent me his telescope to look at the ruins of the once-famous convent; and there, as far as

we could see, were the long rows of little barred windows ; and at the far end, which seemed to correspond exactly to my story, for no sign of any window showed, only, as I said, a bulge in the wall. Poor Mrs. Sturt was so terribly distressed at her husband's report [that she could never speak of her friend without tears in her eyes.

But this was not the only curious thing that happened to Captain Sturt. He had a great friend, an old gentleman called Mr. Grenville. On returning from one of his numerous voyages he went to see this old friend, and was greatly troubled to hear that he had gone out of his mind, and had been shut up in a private lunatic asylum.

In those days, as everybody knows, the laws about lunatics were not strict as they are now. I remember when the poor creatures used to be shut up in cellars, and one could see their poor faces mouthing and grinning through the grating; or they were chained to the village pump.

Captain Sturt found out where his friend was shut up, and went to visit him, and was rejoiced to find that the poor old man was not mad at all, but, having been very much displeased with his two nephews, he had threatened to disinherit them. Whereupon they summarily got rid of him by shutting him up in an asylum. Captain Sturt went to law about it, and the poor man was set at liberty. Out of gratitude, Mr. Grenville made a will leaving all his property to him, on condition of his taking the name of Grenville in addition to his own. All the trouble he had been through had shaken the old gentleman so much that he died very shortly after ; and when we knew the Captain and his wife they were Captain and Mrs. Sturt Grenville.

E. HESSEY.

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN¹

THE popularity as well as the influence of the House of Hohenzollern has widened and deepened from generation to generation, and this not merely in the German Empire, but, speaking generally, throughout the civilised world. Naturally enough the history of the progress and development of this illustrious House is of more than usual interest, not only to the historian, but to the public at large. One fact, however, in connection with the study of the history of this ruling House deserves to be particularly emphasised, namely, that its earliest chapters are perhaps more complicated and obscure than is the case with any other European ruling family. For the question as to who was the founder of the House of Hohenzollern cannot be said to have been definitely settled; that is, in so far as accuracy in historic research and the inferences to be drawn from the latter, are concerned. This is indeed so much the case, that on three occasions at least within quite recent times—namely, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Emperor William I., the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Frederick William to the throne, and the bi-centenary of the establishment of the Prussian Crown—has this very interesting and important question been extensively discussed by historians, genealogists, and a host of other

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German writers of repute; but a close examination of the mass of opinions—all of them seemingly correct—then expressed, shows that, in fact, no two writers are in full agreement in regard to this particular point in dispute. Speaking generally, no subject in history has perhaps been more carefully studied and minutely analysed than this question as to the first Hohenzollern ancestor; for in describing and reviewing the romantic history of the Prussian monarchs, this matter of origin of course claimed first attention. Fortunately, this laborious research has so far been attended with excellent results; for, as a matter of fact, new and important light has been thrown on the subject in question quite recently, comparatively speaking. Before examining it, however, it is interesting to note that in the writings, say, of some thirteenth-century historians, there are certain references relating to the Hohenzollern family to be found, but these records are, from the historic point of view, decidedly unreliable. Indeed, it is not until we come to writers of the fifteenth century—that is, about two hundred years later—that we find anything which can justly be described as really authentic. Put briefly, the historians of the fifteenth century—amongst whom Pope Martin V. occupied a prominent position in this respect—traced the records of the House back to the year 144 A.D., and brought it into connection with the old Roman House of Colonna; whilst other writers of somewhat later date, no doubt with the object of complying with the representatives of the House, went even further back into the ages of antiquity. There was, however, one great drawback to any such ancient date—it evidently implied that the members of the House of Hohenzollern were of foreign origin, an idea that was not altogether very pleasing to the mind of Germans in general. So the matter was gone into very deeply once more, especially by two physicians who flourished in the sixteenth century. One of them clearly showed that the House did not spring from an Italian stock, whilst the other, Dr. Wolfgang Lazius, in his famous book—“*De Gentium Aliquot Migrationibus*,”

published 1557—was only able to trace the first Hohenzollern to the twelfth century. And to carry the matter still further, at about the same time the Elector Karl I., unsatisfied with this state of uncertainty regarding the genealogy of his House, commanded Johann Basilius, an historian of great repute at that time, to make a thoroughly independent examination of all the records. Owing to the great reputation which that scholar enjoyed, the conclusions he arrived at have been accepted by subsequent historians, as well as the successors of Count Karl I. of Hohenzollern, as established facts. This was indeed so much the case that even Frederick the Great, who, more than any other Hohenzollern ruler before and after him, was particularly interested in this department of history, never questioned their accuracy, as his writings prove beyond doubt. However, in the course of some important recent research it was shown, in a way that admits of no other interpretation, that Karl's confidential historian was guided by one desire, namely, to please his Royal Master by showing that the origin of the Hohenzollern Kings was very ancient indeed. To cut a long story short, as the outcome of "independent and minute investigation into that matter," as he terms it, Basilius brought forward a certain Count—Thassilo, by name—who had never previously been heard of, and whose historical genuineness was in no respect or in any convincing manner proved, and he claimed for him that he was a contemporary of Charles the Great, by whom he was raised to power, and that he was the original founder of the famous and historic House in question. "This Count," so concludes our historian his otherwise very interesting and instructive treatise dealing with that subject, "was the real and historic founder of the House of Hohenzollern." As I have already pointed out, however, recent investigation has shown the Count to be nothing but a figment of the imagination on the part of that ingenious chronicler. However, the bulk of evidence recently brought to light tends to show, and renders it more than probable, that the House of Hohenzollern

originated from a branch of the Burkard family, and that the latter, whose history can be traced to the times of Charles the Great, lived in the tenth century. In view, therefore, of the historic results thus obtained by trustworthy investigators—those who are interested in this aspect of the question will find a considerable amount of new matter and interesting information in the “Hohenzollern Jahrbücher,” ably edited by Prof. P. Seidel, and published by Giesecke and Devrient, Leipzig—there cannot be much doubt that the first Burgrave of Nuremberg who founded the present reigning branch of the Hohenzollern family was a more or less direct descendant of the Burkards in question.

Speaking generally, the actual history of the House of Hohenzollern begins early in the fifteenth century. For it was not until 1415 that the Electorate of Brandenburg came into the hands of that historic House, Frederick I. succeeding at that time the last ruler of the House of Luxembourg as the first Hohenzollern Elector. From that time onward, say, for more than two centuries, the Hohenzollern Electors reigned in a more or less just and satisfactory manner, without, however, there being any remarkable development of statecraft. In 1640 Frederick William, better known as the Great Elector, came to the throne, and so remarkable and rapid was his rise that within a short period of his taking over the reins of power he was successful in founding what may be called a new era. As a matter of fact, both the history and life of the Great Elector form one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of Prussia, and, indeed, in that of the German Empire. For he was the first sovereign who did so much for Brandenburg—from which sprang the Kingdom of Prussia—in his own time, and, moreover, he may be looked upon, from the historic point of view, as the father of ideas which are still to a considerable extent the guiding lights of his successors. Indeed, this would seem to be so much the case that some of the more notable and recent historians of the Bismarckian period are inclined to ascribe the wonderful policy of the Iron

Chancellor to his unique and, as it proved, correct interpretation of the objects, aims, and aspirations of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. But before going any further, it must be mentioned that the history of the Hohenzollern family shows clearly enough that in nearly every case a strong ruler has been followed by one of considerably more modest abilities. The effects of this, however, have not been of nearly such importance as probably would have been the case under other circumstances; for the great and admirable success which the House has enjoyed is due largely to the fact that the weaker of its rulers have always adhered faithfully to the traditions laid down by stronger predecessors, and, further, that they also have been gifted with the family characteristic of being able to place the work of administration into the right hands. As is well known, when the Great Elector came to the throne the country as such was considerably desolated, while the people as a whole were impoverished and indeed famine-stricken to a deplorable degree, partly because of the loose ideas which prevailed on the important matter of State management, that is quite apart from the unhappy consequences of the Thirty Years War. It is to the lasting glory of the Great Elector that he educated his people in regard to a proper understanding of the word State, and imbued in them the spirit of national progress and welfare, and also that he taught them how to combine practical and ideal politics in right measure. The political condition which prevailed at that period in Germany in general and in the province of Brandenburg in particular deserves especially to be emphasised, for hitherto in no other country had there been so little harmonisation between the two forms of politics, and when that is the case it becomes obvious that bad government is inevitable. But the Great Elector knew how to combine the two, and did so with conspicuous and more or less permanent success. A very happy stroke of policy was his establishment of what I may call a permanent council of officials, composed of higher officials established, when on duty, in various parts of the country. This council worked

with a zeal and a harmony that have never been excelled and seldom equalled, but, what is more, its inception was the birth of that system which exists to-day, which is the backbone of the nation and the strongest bulwark of the reigning House, and which is so greatly admired in many foreign countries—the system of Prussian officialdom. Thus it came about that the Great Elector created in his country a definite idea of State, established a proper balance of parties, and laid the foundation of Prussian officialdom. He also paved the way for the establishment of, comparatively speaking, a large standing army. According to some French publications embodying the results of important recent historic research, it is safe to assume that up to the end of mediæval times no State of Western Europe had possessed a regular army, though one or two Eastern nations had—the great military successes of the Turks, to mention only one instance, having been achieved by an army which existed on a permanent footing. The first records of an Occidental standing army belong to the end of the sixteenth century, though such forces as came into being then could hardly be called anything more than body-guards of different sovereigns, for they consisted only of the immediate military *entourage* attached to the Court. When a war broke out mercenaries were engaged by the contending parties, but, the war over, the army was disbanded, for the State could not bear the burden of supporting “soldiers of fortune” in times of peace. The Great Elector, however, foresaw the advantages, and found ways and means of always having at command a number of regiments prepared for immediate service, and, indeed, he was successful in raising several. They formed, in the first instance, the nucleus of an army, as it were; and, further, he introduced and insisted upon the strict observance of the one golden rule in military discipline, namely, that the leaders had a proper and harmonious understanding with one another on any vital question. No wonder, therefore, that every man in the ranks looked up to the Elector as his war lord. As a matter of fact, but for the unfortunate and deplorable events of 1805, the history of these

regiments might be directly traced down to the present day. However, most of the regiments have entirely disappeared in the course of the tremendous crisis which Prussia passed through in that year. One or two, however, survived; the First Cuirassiers, for instance, and the Fourth Grenadiers. But if the regiments did for the most part disappear, the idea with which they were imbued lives to-day, having been handed down from generation to generation. The success which even in his own days attended the Great Elector's establishment of an army was seen at Warsaw, where with 4600 infantry, 3600 cavalry, and 37 guns—as has quite recently been ascertained by Herr Lehmann, of the Prussian Ministry of War—he defeated a much larger army of Poles; a victory of enormous importance for the future development of the country over which Frederick William ruled, for it at once led the way to Brandenburg becoming an independent State.

It cannot be said that the Great Elector stands out so boldly in the pages of history as do others of the illustrious dead who, in life, showed similar qualities. But we must remember that the position which a man occupies in the eyes of posterity depends to a very considerable degree upon the success or otherwise of his biographer. Some men have been fortunate in their biographers, others very much the reverse. Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great" exalted the character and the abilities of that remarkable historical figure throughout the civilised world; had Carlyle never written such a work Frederick's greatness would, perhaps, not have been nearly so clearly understood as it is. Frederick will remain in his present position for all time, unless, of course, the future brings to light facts which will tend to depreciate him, a contingency which, though by no means likely, is quite possible. Cicero was held in veneration for centuries, but Mommsen showed, after unprecedented labour in research, that he was a man very different from what had been supposed. Time has also brought about changes of views regarding Cæsar and Napoleon, and, indeed, it requires but little demonstration to show that the reputations of men famous in history rise or fall

not infrequently. If a Carlyle had written a life of the Great Elector the world would have understood and appreciated him far more than is the case. He is known chiefly from the part which he played in the great events of his time, the Swedish-Pole Wars, for instance, and the Coalition Wars against Louis XIV.; he is also known to have possessed strong religious views; but so little is his real character understood that an idea prevails that he was little better than a ruffian who displayed, with remarkable skill and cleverness, a Puritanical turn of mind in order to influence his subjects in his favour. The same was at one time said of Cromwell, but closer investigation has been all in Cromwell's favour, and so it is with the Great Elector.

To understand the Great Elector properly we must follow him, as it were, into his diplomatic laboratory, for there we can gain some real knowledge of the skill and ingenuity with which he combined the different elements and aspirations of his people and of how he brought together into closest harmony and understanding the sovereigns of the other German States. What this latter accomplishment really meant we partly realise when we consider his task of supporting a standing army. As his resources were so very limited he could not maintain this army unsupported, so he made it his business to convince neighbouring and wealthy sovereigns how important it was to maintain the regiments in a state of preparation for war. With an iron will, aided by diplomatic sagacity, he set about this difficult task. Indeed, he soon accomplished it, thus helping to prepare the way for the ultimate union of the German States. He also initiated that tradition of the House of Hohenzollern of furthering marriage between members of Royal Families of States that are not on the best of terms with one another, putting this idea into practice when he married a princess of the House of Orange. Furthermore, he showed that foreigners are amongst the best teachers a nation can have. In reorganising his country he employed many experienced men whom he had brought over specially from other countries, Holland in particular; and his partiality

for Dutchmen is illustrated by the fact that in the Hohenzollern Museum, in Berlin, nearly all the more important works of art which illustrate notable historic events of that period are executed by Dutch masters. As a matter of fact, to favour foreigners has long been recognised, especially in Germany, as a Hohenzollern trait, a fact much recalled quite recently when the Emperor William commissioned Signor Leoncavallo, the Italian composer, to write the music of *Roland of Berlin*, to the great disappointment of some of the very leading of native artists.

If a nation is destined to become great and powerful it is more often than not found that the weaker rulers did not reign long; and the history of Prussia, taking it as a whole, forms no exception in this respect. One of Prussia's weakest sovereigns was the Great Elector's immediate successor—the Elector Frederick III., better known in history as King Frederick I. He imagined that the condition of the country was all that could be desired, and that internal affairs would develop naturally and spontaneously without any assistance from him. Consequently, he wasted vast sums, with ruinous effect, on outside affairs which he had much better, in the interests of his own State, have left alone. Still, he had a large share in bringing about one great event in the nation's history, namely, the raising of Prussia from a dukedom to a kingdom, thus obtaining for himself and his successors greater representative authority on the stage of European politics. Indeed, it was precisely the latter in which he was, throughout his career, more interested than in the immediate needs and actual welfare of his, comparatively speaking, but newly founded country.

And, further, Frederick William I., his immediate successor, was very different in character from his father, being, indeed, more like his grandfather, the Great Elector. For he also worked very hard indeed for the development of his army, and brought it, within the first year of his reign, to a condition of great efficiency, dispensing thereby entirely with financial support from the other neighbouring and friendly sovereigns, who

had contributed for its maintenance since the days of the Great Elector. This, of course, necessitated the practice of most rigid economy, as well as many self-denials and sacrifices, on the part of the officers. But the King endeavoured to compensate them for their zeal and hardships by raising their status, from the social point of view, to the highest in the land, and members of the Royal family and of the old nobility became their comrades and shared their lot.

When Frederick the Great came to the throne, after the death of his father, the country was in a settled condition, for Frederick William avoided any interference with European politics, and, as I have already pointed out, devoted himself entirely to the reorganisation of the army and the management of the internal affairs of the Kingdom. He therefore soon realised the fact that the time had come for expansion. From the historic point of view, it is interesting to record that hitherto the Prussian army had been regarded with contempt in foreign countries; but Frederick's victories in Silesia, and the fact that "the whole continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp,"—as Macaulay well depicts Frederick's genius which revealed itself in the famous struggle that occupied some seven years—silenced all critics, and he became feared throughout Europe. Thus the Prussian army came to be looked upon in all parts of the civilised world very much as the Japanese army is at the present time. Indeed, it proved itself to be a far more deadly weapon than had been generally supposed. The rise of Prussia, under the rule of Frederick the Great, and indeed the whole history of that statesman and warrior whose strategy is extolled by Napoleon as a masterpiece of skill, is so far very well known, there is therefore no need for going much into details.

But though Frederick paid so much attention to his policy of expansion, he never lost sight of internal affairs; and in developing the resources of his country he showed as much genius as he did in conducting a military campaign. Not, however, that his statesmanship was without serious fault, for he made a great mistake in not raising the agricultural classes

from the condition of serfdom in which they lived, and in neglecting to inculcate in his subjects as a whole a greater interest in affairs of State. He relied almost entirely upon the army and officials for support, and took no pains to win over the citizens. This, in the long run, had disastrous consequences. The people became somewhat estranged; though had his successor been a man of strong metal, disaster might have been averted. As it was, however, some twenty years after Frederick's death, the whole structure which he in large measure had raised collapsed, and the country was brought to a state of temporary ruin.

As in the case of the Great Elector's immediate successor, Frederick William II., too—and here we have again a confirmation of the saying that history repeats itself—was extravagant, and made a great display of Court splendour; but at his time these extravagances were more dangerous than they were in previous years, for the general culture of the people was much greater, and there was the inevitable tendency towards imitation. The consequence was that officialdom and the leading members of the nobility became corrupt, and the moral of the people as a whole very considerably lowered. This, in itself, was quite sufficient to undermine the State; but as the King, relying upon his army being unconquerable, plunged headlessly into foreign affairs, the case was made much worse.

It has already been said that the members of the Hohenzollern inherit from one another, almost without an exception, remarkable similarity of certain characteristics, which, however, present themselves in forms both good and bad. In the history of no other House—of Stuart, of Hanover, or of Hapsburg—do we find any prominent trait so persistently recurrent. Frederick William III. was not without the virtues of his race, though he was by no means a good King. Put briefly, he did not possess the strength of character to stem the tide of corruption and disaster that had set in during the reign of his predecessor; things rapidly became worse, and the Kingdom of Prussia tottered and fell. But good often comes out of evil, and

this case did not form an exception to the general rule. Prussia was so humiliated after the disastrous and tragic events of 1805 that all classes of its inhabitants were drawn together in a common determination to retrieve the national fortunes. Patriotism burst forth as it does but rarely in the history of a people, and the King was accorded a support remarkable in its zeal and determination. The country became without any exaggeration a nation of soldiers, and no Prussian can think of that period of the nation's history without feeling a thrill of patriotic pride. But there arose at the same time a strong desire for a constitutional form of government, which the King promised to grant on the conclusion of the Liberation Wars as a recompense for the enormous sacrifices and self-denials that had been made on the part of the people, a promise which, however, he did not fulfil, and this struggle for constitutional rule lasted right into the reign of his successor. It is a Hohenzollern trait to try to retain as much power as possible in the hands of the sovereign, and there arose a bitter conflict and misunderstanding between King and people which did much to alienate the feelings of the latter.

With the accession of the new King—Frederick William IV.—to the throne hopes were renewed that a Constitution would soon be established, for it was known that when Frederick William was Crown Prince he was in sympathy with the nation in their claim for representative government. But the independence of people is not gained in a day, and the struggle was by no means at an end as yet; for, once the reins of office were in his hands, the new ruler manifested strong absolutist views, and his ideal State was almost mediæval in character. He sought to win over the people by fostering religious views, and strove hard to this end; but though he gained popularity with the Ultramontane party, the bulk of the population were against him. He also caused much exasperation by refusing to listen to the requests of many deputations that waited upon him with that object in view. But Prussia was no longer to be denied representative government. She had advanced greatly in culture and breadth of view; she had accepted many

of the principles of the French Revolution; and the result of circumstances was the famous March Revolution in 1848. This step was decisive. For it was in no small measure directly responsible for the granting of a Constitution in a complete and satisfactory form two years later; and though the change was dearly bought, its good effects soon became apparent; indeed, it gave to the country a remarkable impetus in development. The Emperor William I., who succeeded his brother, first in the capacity of a Regent, benefited, as it were, by the mistakes of his predecessor, and amongst other things, he learnt not to interfere in religious affairs to the same extent as did Frederick William IV., with disastrous results. He devoted himself to two great objects, namely, the reorganisation of the army and the promotion of education in general, and how well he succeeded is a matter of common knowledge. In the Emperor William I. we find a character which contains a combination of Hohenzollern traits, but his disposition was somewhat milder than that of most of his House. He had been chastened by troubles, trials, and misfortunes in his younger days, and had learnt humility. He was, as is well known, compelled to fly his country at the time of the March Revolution, and sought refuge in England. That experience was of great value to him in after life, for his sojourn in this country made a lasting impression upon him. He had been able to observe foreign customs, measures, and the working of principles at first hand. On returning to Prussia, however, his somewhat foreign ideas, as they were then generally interpreted, together with, later on, his entire agreement with Bismarck, aroused considerable suspicion, but he had not been on the throne long before he had succeeded in winning the lasting and deep love and respect of his people. Finally, as regards his son and successor, the Emperor Frederick III., so much can be said with certainty that he will always remain known to posterity as "Frederick the Noble" and as the great "Crown Prince" of the great conflicts of 1866 and 1870.

LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

PSYCHE

WATTS' PICTURE

WITH the gray dawn has thy god-lover fled,
His love outflared, his every oath forsworn,
And flying has he left thee, as in scorn,
For sole memento, those few feathers shed
From his empurpled wings so late dispread
Above thee rustling—feathers frayed, and worn,
And soiled—like thee! who in this lightless morn
Seest thy day stretch forward, drear, and dead?

Soul, breath of higher worlds, that from thy birth
Dwellest expatriate here, 'tis ever thus
The earth-gods speak us fair, and smile on us,
And make us theirs, till, glorious in our love,
They stand transfigured like the gods above—
Then leave us, slain at heart, and smirched with earth.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XX

POLITICS AND GILLYFLOWERS

VASTLY pleased with himself, in a measure content with the world, M. de Beaujeu sat at his desk in the sunlight. He beheld all things (under his beneficent guidance) work together for good. At last his debt to Mistress Charlbury was paid: whence satisfaction and the unwonted colour in his thin cheek. That heavier debt to Sunderland and King James—the debt of his own outlawry and his father's death—that also M. de Beaujeu conceived himself paying soon. And swiftly and with zest he wrote his despatch to William of Orange, the little man with a hooknose and a cough waiting at the Hague in masterful patience till King James should offer the chance for a snatch at his kingdom. Above most men in the world M. de Beaujeu admired that asthmatical, adroit diplomatist at the Hague. He could hate (Beaujeu reflected that Louis le Grand would learn yet how “his little cousin of Orange” could hate), he was not in a hurry, he had no childish scruples. Faith, if he had had something of a better body, if he had been a less blundering general, M. de Beaujeu would himself have been happy to become William of Orange. However, he would serve the turn—he would assist Beaujeu to pay his debts to the Stuarts and their creatures. Then in the new England, in the England of

William III., M. de Beaujeu would be one of those in the seats of the mighty. Since he had handed Little Hooknose to the throne M. de Beaujeu would take care to find a place by its side. Begad, yes, he would have power in the new England—and England would be something when she had a man for her master. M. de Beaujeu saw visions. There would come war. War was Beaujeu's heaven. Then he would have a command—zounds! he would see to it that he had a command. And Europe should perceive that generals were born outside France at times. Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg—behold their successor, their peer, Thomas Dane. Ay, when fame had come, he would take his own name again. Mistress Charlbury should contemplate with tears the glorious destiny she had lost when she sold him. That would be agreeable. Ay, and just: Beaujeu desired no more than justice. *Bien*, he would play his game of check with Luxembourg. Healy would make a quarter-master without reproach. He had energy, the good Healy. And then——

"Pardon. M. Wharton," said his servant Dubois.

Beaujeu slid his despatch swiftly into safety under lock and key and went forth to greet Mr. Wharton.

"And how is our patient?"

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "From his curst temper I would judge he has a curst head." And the two benevolent gentlemen laughed together. "But damme, Beaujeu, I did not come here to talk about boys with the measles of love. Have you seen that now, you devout soul?" He put into Beaujeu's hand a paper. Beaujeu's eyebrows sprang upward, then his eyes sparkled and he smiled as he read on. It was a royal proclamation ordaining a form of prayer and thanksgiving for the joyful prospect that King James's Queen was like to be a mother.

"You 'ap—appreciate,' as your cousin observes," drawled Wharton. "We shall have no more a Protestant heir to the throne. Here is a son to be reared in the odour of Jesuitry."

"A son," Beaujeu repeated slowly, looking at Wharton. "A son. They are curst sure of that. For it must be a son or 'tis no service. D'you think, Wharton, this same certain son will be—born?"

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "'Tis the customary way to arrive." Beaujeu was not mirthful.

"I mean," says he, "born of the Queen. 'Tis curious late in the day for her to give us an heir."

"What?" cried Wharton. "Would they foist a base-born babe on us?"

"For the godly end to ensure us a Papist heir," said Beaujeu, watching him.

Wharton shook his head. "Damme, no. Not even Black James would dare that. No. 'Tis more in your own way, Beaujeu. I do not think that."

"But it might be well to say so," said Beaujeu quietly, and Mr. Wharton broke out laughing. "'Twould excite much loyalty to suggest his Majesty proposed to favour us with a—a butter-woman's babe for our king."

"You have the devil's own skill to find devilry everywhere," said Wharton chuckling. "I like 'butter-woman.' 'Tis a pleasant accurate touch."

"You'll do me the favour to remember it?" said Beaujeu blandly.

Wharton laughed and nodded. "But there is more than this, Beaujeu; Ned Russell brought me a rumour that James is to proclaim an Indulgence. So please you, his kind Majesty is to annul all laws against Catholics by his own sweet will. We are to have them judges and colonels and bishops begad. And the laws may go to hell."

"Unless," said Beaujeu, "his Majesty anticipates their going. Is it true?"

"I was going West myself to pick up the news." He paused and stared at Beaujeu a full minute, then in a lower tone: "And damme, Beaujeu, if 'tis true I am with you at last."

Beaujeu held out his hand. "*Qui sçait attendre*," said he with a shrug and a smile. "I can tell you now—you will join Devonshire and Bedford—and certain others. Well, let us walk to your full conversion."

"Begad, some are bolder than I," said Wharton, picking up his hat.

"The less valuable, therefore," said Beaujeu politely, and they went out.

As they went through the hall a girl's gay laugh came to them. Wharton looked at Beaujeu and grinned. "Oh, Healy must have his wench," said Beaujeu carelessly.

"That is not a good lie, Beaujeu," drawled Wharton. "For a man he is a damned saint."

"'Tis his one vice," said Beaujeu, and recurred to politics.

Mr. Healy, as he has himself remarked, had "a taste for the pure domestic." So he cultivated the clove gillyflower in a collection of pipkins. The bow window above the river was a mass of vegetable, grey-green leaf and dark crimson flowers heavily fragrant. Over them hovered Mr. Healy, dandling a small jug of water in one hand, with the other nipping off dead leaves. He was saluted by the gay laugh of a girl. Mr. Healy, a large man with a small jug, turned round—daintily, for the sake of his gillyflowers. He beheld cream-white cheeks dimpling and eyes bright as deep sea in the sun.

"I am proud to be the cause," says Mr. Healy.

"Indeed, sir," said Mistress Leigh demurely, "I think it was rather the jug."

"Sure, I have not found it jocose myself"—Mr. Healy regarded it critically—"but there are tastes in humour."

"Nor I had not guessed that herbs were your joy."

"And yet," says Mr. Healy with an air of grief, "and yet you'll have known me profoundly."

"I doubt, sir, 'tis thrilling to hunt for dead leaves?"

"My opinion entirely," says Mr. Healy with solemnity.

Mistress Leigh made him a curtsy: "I give you joy of

your peaceful tastes, sir, says she, and the little upper lip was trying to sneer.

"Tis kind in you, my dear," said Mr. Healy simply, and smiled down at her.

"They are becoming to a man," cried the girl sharply—for 'twas vastly irritating in him not to be irritated.

At which Mr. Healy laughed aloud: "And will I be getting angry too?" he inquired.

Mistress Leigh regarded him severely with compressed lips.

"Sure, I was not hoping to quarrel so soon," said Mr. Healy.

The stern little lips relaxed. "I do not believe that you know how," the girl cried.

"But you desire to instruct me?"

"I've no hope of you, sir."

"Twill be dull for you then, I am fearing."

"Why, sir, there is your friend. Do you know I think one might quarrel with him."

Mr. Healy stiffened. "He is, you see, my friend."

"But he might be a gentleman, even so."

"Did you seek me to tell me that?" said Healy sharply.

Mistress Leigh clapped her hands and laughed. "Bravo! Tis a hot answer at last."

Mr. Healy put his hand on her shoulder and let her feel the weight. "My dear, if you play with fire," says he, "you will have hot words enough."

"La you sir! And how could I tell the French gentleman was god?"

"Sure, no, you could tell no more than that he was my friend—and that would be no guidance for you at all. You'll pardon me, but I see a dead leaf." For the sake of which Mr. Healy then turned his back upon Mistress Leigh, whose cheeks flamed, who stalked off with her little nose held high. She told herself that no man had ever been as rude to her. And they were both utterly detestable. After all, what could one expect of a man that grew gillyflowers in pipkins?

M. de Beaujeu, at least, was not devoted to horticulture. His keen blue eyes were investigating the psychology of a crowd, his ears alert to the same end. Mr. Wharton and he made their way down Whitehall through a host of sober citizens all a-whispering. M. de Beaujeu remarked to himself that it is a perilous hour when crowds whisper.

All the Bishops were to be burnt in Smithfield—all good Protestants were to be roasted with them—every man was to eat frogs and wear wooden shoes—the Pope and the King of France were coming over together—and England would never endure it! So the wise crowd whispered and Mr. Wharton grinned largely at M. de Beaujeu.

They came to the Horse Guards and there the crowd was packed incomparable tight before two proclamations on the gate-posts. By patience and stiff elbows the two tall gentlemen won near enough to read over lesser heads. Mr. Wharton's rumour had not lied. King James declared in fat black print his gracious will to break laws. He informed his good people that he had already dismissed many of his servants who would not assist him in the good work, and hinted not dubiously that in the army, in the great offices of State, nay, in the Church of England there was room only for Papists. In fact it was not so far a cry from the King's own word to the Smithfield fires of the crowd.

Mr. Wharton looked at Beaujeu, who smiled and murmured gently, "When the King is a fool!" But Mr. Wharton was entirely serious.

They pushed out of the thick knot of gasping readers, and in a moment beheld what had brought the crowd westward. His Majesty King James was riding forth from the palace to the camp at Hounslow. His Majesty passed though a gloomy silence. No head was bared for him. His long lean sallow face turned restlessly this way and that, and, as it passed, M. de Beaujeu swept off his hat and made a magnificent bow—to the vast disgust of his sturdy Protestant neighbours.

"'Tis in fact his due, Wharton," said he with a laugh as they turned away.

Mr. Wharton made no answer. They passed into St. James's Park—Mr. Wharton vastly serious still. Under the trees Mr. Wharton walked Beaujeu swiftly to and fro, and Mr. Wharton studied the turf minutely and his ugly mouth twitched. It was a long time before he looked up, and slowly pausing sometimes, "Well, damme, 'tis hell or glory now," says he. "Bring us your Orange, Beaujeu. But, man, for God's own sake, if you have a God, let us have no Monmouth folly. . . . I want no Bloody Assize for my lads." Mr. Wharton (it is remarkable) appeared moved.

"In fact I am little like Monmouth," said Beaujeu, who was not moved at all.

"You have his disdain for all but your godly self," Wharton snapped. "Well, I have done. I am with you."

Beaujeu nodded recognition. "I shall have another despatch to write for Little Hooknose. Do you know, I think I'll have my cousin Jack take it. I cannot spare Healy now. Also it will be educative for Jack to do some good in the world."

"You are curst used to that yourself," growled Wharton.

Beaujeu laughed and struck an attitude, "*Mordieu!* am I not the benefactor of all England?"

Mr. Wharton stared at him, Mr. Wharton's sunken eyes flashed—then he grinned. "I should find you more comfortable if you were less of a devil," said he.

CHAPTER XXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND RECEIVES AN EPISTLE

It was later. Mr. Jack Dane, very proud of himself, stood on the deck of a schooner dropping down from Blackwall on the first of the tide. Mr. Dane bore in his bosom the fortunes of England—Wharton and Beaujeu were agreed upon that—and

in the politest language M. de Beaujeu had invited him to risk his neck by bearing those pregnant despatches to William of Orange. So behold Mr. Dane, quite content with himself. quite other than that hero betrayed of twenty-four full hours ago. Mr. Dane had awarded the traitress a contemptuous pardon. Begad, 'twas only boys whom women amused, boys only whom women could hurt. Regard Mr. Dane, illuminated by the sunset, a man of the world, of affairs.

At the same hour my lord Sunderland received a visitor—my lord Sherborne. Now my lord Sunderland was writhing upon a dilemma. Unless he would consent to persecute the Church, King James his master proposed to dismiss him. My lord had indeed no sentimental objections to persecuting anything, but he was distraught by a conviction that a persecution of the Church would have a mighty ill end for the persecutors. Consent or refuse, my lord foresaw disaster. Wherefore he was most anxious to lose no friends, and my lord Sherborne found him very amiable. My lord Sherborne, who wanted something, was also very amiable, and there was an edifying display of manly affection in my lord Sunderland's cabinet. At the end of which (each gentleman conceiving that he had vastly impressed the other) my lord Sherborne said mysteriously, "But indeed, Sunderland, if I trespass on your time it is with matter of some moment."

"I hope," says Sunderland, his thin lips smiling, "you will give me the occasion to serve you, my dear Sherborne?"

"I know that I could count upon your readiness. But in fact, 'tis to serve the King."

And my lord Sunderland at once opined that it was something more than common base. But he still smiled and said heartily, "Even so, my dear Sherborne, I am scarce the more ready. But I know your admirable zeal, and have remarked on it to his Majesty. Pray let me hear. I will see that the credit of what may be done shall be entirely yours."

My lord Sherborne leant forward across the table, and Sunderland observed that his face was redder than usual.

"You must know," said Sherborne, "that some time ago there came to town a Frenchman calling himself M. de Beaujeu." Sunderland's uneasy eyes rested a moment on his face.

"I do not think that I have heard of him," Sunderland murmured.

"Then, my lord, it is high time that you should hear! None knows whence he came nor why. But soon he made himself hand and glove with Wharton and Russell and Devonshire—all the scoundrelly Whigs in London. They meet together alone, secretly. The fellow Beaujeu has a house at the back of the Strand with steps down to the river, most apt for secret comings and goings. Now, my lord, I ask you if it is not high time that this Beaujeu were desired to take himself and his secrets and his plots back to his own country!"

"My dear Sherborne!" Sunderland laughed gently. "Your zeal overpowers me. Can we expel a gentleman because he has the bad taste to dine with Whigs?"

"Dine, my lord? I wish dining may be the worst thing they do." He nodded mysteriously.

Sunderland's eyes narrowed. "Almost I should suppose that you did not love the gentleman," he said demurely, then took another tone: "Confess now, my dear Sherborne, 'tis your rival for some white bosom," he cried.

Sherborne's red face darkened, but in a moment, "Begad, I'll not deny that, neither," he cried.

"Ah, *l'amour, l'amour*," sighed Sunderland poetically and shook his head.

"But mark you, my lord," cried Sherborne, "there is something in that to make you think!"

"Oh, I protest—" Sunderland laughed, "I protest I do think ——" at which moment a silent servant brought him an epistle.

"The fellow, my lord, has dared to aspire to the Charlbury, I'll not deny it."

My lord Sunderland, who had been studying his epistle

with some care, looked up swiftly. "To Mistress Charlbury?" he repeated.

"Ay, my lord; but mark you this fellow, this Beaujeu, Huguenot Frenchman as he calls himself, was no stranger to her."

My lord Sunderland's eyelids flickered. "Is it so, indeed?" he said, and looked down after his manner into his own breast.

"Begad, it is so. And how comes a Frenchman who hath never been in London before to be well known to her? I'd have you mark, my lord, I doubt this Beaujeu is other than he seems."

Sunderland rose. "Certainly, certainly I will see into this M. de Beaujeu," he said. And again his thin lips produced an affectionate smile. "My dear Sherborne," says he, pressing Sherborne's hand tenderly, "my dear Sherborne, your deeply devoted ——" and with some swiftness he ushered my lord Sherborne out.

CHAPTER XXII

MY LORD SUNDERLAND REPLIES

My lady Sunderland sat in her blue withdrawing-room in an elegant undress of Bruges lace. Over her innocent head hung a childlike Madonna. My lady was sipping her chocolate and turning the pages of Mr. Shadwell's terrible drama, *The Royal Shepherdess*. My lady felt a pleasant drowsiness. Her long jewel-laden fingers hid her mouth and she yawned slowly, luxuriously, lying back on her cushions. Her drapery fell, a cascade of cream, upon violet velvet, and through it shimmered faintly my lady's white grace.

A tap came at the door. My lady let her hand droop and lazily turned her head. A second tap and the door was diffidently opened. In the doorway stood, bobbing bows, a small negro boy in saffron tunic and silver collar, bare of leg, bare-footed.

"Massa dee Boja, lady," said he in a high treble.

My lady's long eyebrows twisted to cope with this effort at French. Then she smiled. "Good, Nero. Produce the massa." Nero bobbed and went out. My lady, rising a little, took up a mirror set in gold, drew one more brown ringlet down in artistic disarray, put a patch of black taffeta low on her white bosom scarce above the clinging lace—then, smiling, laid the mirror aside and fell back in the sunlight with *The Royal Shepherdess*.

M. de Beaujeu also had taken some pains with himself. Monsieur entered, a tall form in dark blue velvet with rosettes of a paler blue adorning his knees and his ankles. The white lace at his throat was caught with a brooch of sapphires. His sword-knot was cloth of gold. My lady, looking through her eyelashes, appreciated the whole.

"'Howe'er arrayed, still loveliest,'" monsieur quoted out of the last new play and bowed half-way to the ground.

My lady drew her lace about her. "Faith, there might be more of this, monsieur," she murmured, and modestly hid her almond eyes.

"Ah, my lady, but already it is too cruel."

My lady was presumed to blush behind her hand. "Fie, monsieur. And do you so mislike my lace?" She lifted a fold of it, and showed how white was her arm in the sunlight.

"I envy it," sighed Beaujeu.

"Pish," said my lady. "But what brings you to Whitehall at this hour? 'Tis perilous to my good name." Which my lady then fortified by a delicate sniff from her attar of roses.

"But you, my lady, you are happily above all slander. Like the chaste moon."

"Alas, monsieur, 'tis a wicked world —." My lady turned her eyes to heaven and her Madonna.

"*Pardieu!* I have heard so," monsieur agreed. "But of that, my lady, you can know nothing."

"I have to listen, monsieur," my lady sighed. "Such stories one hears! For instance, of you."

"Of me? Ah no! One who is your slave has never the happiness to sin."

"You think so?" And my lady looked at him from the corners of her almond eyes. "But then, monsieur, one who is the slave of Mistress Charlbury ——" and she laughed and lifted her white shoulders out of the lace.

But M. de Beaujeu did not appear to understand. "Charlbury? Ah, I recall. The Incomparable Charlbury!" he laughed gently. "Faith, are there many low enough to be slaves of her?"

My lady raised herself in lithe grace on her cushions. Her grey eyes glittered at Beaujeu. In a very soft voice, "I have always despised a man," says she, "that fouls one woman to please another."

"In that as in all else you surpass your sex," says Beaujeu, bowing low.

And my lady murmured, more softly yet: "Nor I never loved a man better for thinking me a fool." She fell back to her cushions and laughed: "Shall we bid farewell on that, M. de Beaujeu?" Her hand went to a golden bell. M. de Beaujeu arrested the hand and kissed it. "La, monsieur! You make me proud," my lady cried, watching him.

"I had in fact something to say."

"M. de Beaujeu is big with a remark! The heavens gasp with anxiety—and I have one minute to spare."

M. de Beaujeu took up his violet hat. "In effect I need more," said he. "*Bien*—it must stay till a more convenient season." His eyes dwelt on my lady and he lingered over the words.

My lady lifted her admirable shoulders once more—then yawned. "Well—your magnificence shall have five. But by your leave I must put off my Lady Powis." She scribbled an epistle, prevented Beaujeu's attempt to ring the bell, blew on a little ivory whistle and gave the paper without a word to the

demure maid who entered and departed dropping curtseys.

"And now, monsieur—to serve you."

"'Tis my own errand—to serve you, my lady."

My lady yawned. "You will be frank finally perhaps?"

"I endeavour. You know, my lady, the past of your lord?"

"Better than he mine, *Dieu merci*."

"I may then," says M. de Beaujeu, and leant a little forward and opened his eyes a little wider and let his voice fall to a whisper, "I may then breathe the name—Monmouth."

"I doubt I'll not shudder." My lady laughed at him. "In fact you are not so vastly terrific, M. de Beaujeu."

"I am your good angel," says monsieur without a smile. "Remembering then my lord's great kindness to Monmouth"—my lady stirred under her drapery—"ah, ah, his so great kindness," cried Beaujeu smiling, "confidently I appeal to his benevolence for another."

"Do you know," my lady drawled yawning, "you weary me with your riddles?"

"For another Monmouth—but this time a Monmouth who will succeed."

"It appears that M. de Beaujeu has a desire to be hanged."

"I do not think that I shall be hanged," Beaujeu said thoughtfully, smiling.

"Ah, then it appears that monsieur is a fool."

"I do not think that I am a fool."

"Haply the more fool you," my lady murmured. "Ah, I doubt you'd make an impious end."

"Believe me, my lady," Beaujeu's pale eyes glittered, "I should not perish, like your late friend Monmouth, without a cry. Pray consider a moment—I am but a poor Huguenot gentleman, but I am taken, I am perhaps (great is my lord Sunderland) hanged. *Bien*, it would be the peculiar joy of my friends (I have friends) —."

"Amazing!"

"To demonstrate to King James that my lord Sunderland had betrayed him to Monmouth. Suppose me rotting at Tyburn then; but suppose also my lord Sunderland in quarters."

"Why suppose so loudly?" said a placid voice behind him. The lean insignificance of my lord Sunderland slid sideways through a door.

"Zounds!—eh, but I might have known." Beaujeu turned in his chair. "My lord, my grateful salutations." He nodded without ceremony. "May I take it that having ears you have heard?"

"I have had that amusement."

"Doubtless I have convinced you?" said Beaujeu carelessly, flicking the bows at his knees.

My lord's wayward eyes dwelt on him an instant. "Unhappily I was not even sure of what you tried to prove, M. de Beaujeu."

"Ah, the obvious merely. That my lord Sunderland might prefer to have M. de Beaujeu his friend."

"How," said my lord Sunderland, "one may be deceived. I was dull enough to suppose that M. de Beaujeu desired to make a friend of my lord Sunderland."

"God forbid!" cried Beaujeu.

My lord and my lady exchanged a swift glance; then my lady leant forward with her little pointed chin in her hand very intent upon Beaujeu's sneering smile. My lord arose, walked to the window and drew back the curtain. M. de Beaujeu's hawk face was flooded with mellow light. My lord's thin lips receded from his teeth. "I have a memory for faces, Mr. Dane," said my lord quietly. "And how do you find Mistress Charlbury?"

"Ah, at last!" and Beaujeu laughed aloud. "Believe me, my lord, I have desired this moment long." Colour came to his thin cheeks, his eyes were gleaming. "Already I have conveyed my thanks to your most worthy ally the Incompar-

able Charlbury." He paused to laugh again, but the fair sound of it was lost on my lord and my lady, who were exchanging looks of surprise. "*Pardieu*, my gratitude surprised her! But you, my lord, for your kindness in buying my mistress to be my Judas, I have yet to thank you."

"You were born for an orator," said my lord sneering. "May we hope for another thrill, Mr. Dane, before I say two words to the guard in the court?"

"Nay, my dear lord, say them now," said Beaujeu blandly, and leant back and crossed his legs. He watched my lord, sneering, while my lord's eyes looked all ways and his thin cheeks quivered. "Oh fie! Behold me attainted, outlaw; and consider your duty to your King!"

"Why are you here?" Sunderland muttered looking down into his own breast.

"Do you remember, my lord, how our friendship began? I was to betray my King. Now you are to betray yours. I had objections; but then, my lord, I had not your experience in treason."

"Sir!" my lord drew himself up. "Sir, do you dare ——?"

"In effect, my lord, I have dared. Must I remind you of a messenger to his Grace of Monmouth? Of a letter? Of a paper setting out military matters with your own admirable lucidity? How I have admired your lucidity!"

"I think, Mr. Dane, that I now see my way," said Sunderland smiling venomously, and crossed to the door.

Beaujeu sat still. "We shall save much time if you remember that I am not a fool," said he coldly. "You may search my house, you will find nothing." And that was merely true, for there was nothing to find. "You may arrest me. *Bien*, the hour that I am in prison your letter to Monmouth is in the King's hand." And that was not like to be true, unless the letter should come by a miracle. "He is merciful, your King James, is he not?" Beaujeu kindly suggested.

My lord Sunderland turned away from the door. He

looked over his shoulder at the grim sneering face, then his chin dropped on his chest. He stood by the window in the failing light fingering the curtains and his hand trembled. He appeared to remember that letter. "Go on. Go on. Why do you not go on?" he muttered peevishly.

Beaujeu laughed at him. "Why I was admiring your courage, my lord. But now to the treason. Since you have so much to fear from this King, why not have another King? Since you would do so much for a fool like Monmouth who could not succeed, why not do more for one who is not a fool, who will succeed? I commend, in fact, to your capacity for treason Willelmus van Nassauwe, Prince of Orange. I suggest to you, all unworthy, become the John Baptist of the Dutch Redeemer. Behold an honourable part. I said I was grateful." He laughed, rose and walked over to Sunderland, my lady's eyes watching him still. He tapped Sunderland on the shoulder. "And how should Sunderland be John Baptist? Zounds, by zealous service of his good King James." Sunderland lifted his eyes an instant. "For James is a fool—feed his folly. Bid him go all lengths in persecution. Tell him he has nought to fear. He desires to attack the Bishops—spur him on and spur him again. His Queen is to have an heir—see that there be none but Papists at the birth." Sunderland turned and faced him. "Oh, I would not deceive you, my lord—Papists all, so that Protestants may suspicion the birth, may be convinced 'tis a base-born brat foisted upon us." Beaujeu laughed and Sunderland sucked in his breath. "You perceive, my lord, 'tis little I ask of you. Be just such a servant as King James would desire—agree always, second him always, make no difficulties in his gracious desire to bring us all to heaven by way of Rome. I ask no more."

"You ask me only to ruin my master!" Sunderland cried.

"A trifle—to you, my lord."

"And do you dream that I will do it? Sir, you mistake your man. In me you find only a foe—and since you have kindly told me your plans——" he smiled a little.

"After all, you can hang me but once," said Beaujeu shrugging his shoulders. "*Bien*, you will hang me then. I do not know that I care, my lord, for I will have you hanging for company. Pray call the guard." My lady was heard drawing in her breath. Her eyes were intent upon the two. Beaujeu had folded his arms and stood a straight, strong, soldierly figure, very still. My lord Sunderland, lean and stooping, drew away from the window to deeper shadow. My lord eyed him furtively.

"What but hanging should I get from the Orange?" cried my lord peevishly. My lady gave a little gasp. She began to fan herself.

"Ah," said Beaujeu, smiling at her. "We recur now to reality. If you can serve the Orange faithfully, my lord, I will engage for your neck and your estates."

"Bah, what are words?"

"They vary with the speaker, my lord. If you can dare look me in the face for but a moment you may see that mine may serve you."

My lord Sunderland favoured the pale blue eyes with a swift glance and became bland: "Dear sir, you mistake me. Your faith is undoubted. But your acuteness will perceive that I must have something in your master's hand."

"I engage for it. But since one of us must trust the other first, I think you had best trust us. Let the King attack the Bishops, my lord, and I will have a paper for you."

"Mr. Dane," said my lord smiling, "pray let the Prince of Orange know my readiness to serve him."

"He will be, in fact, charmed—if not surprised. My lord, I congratulate you on your—wisdom. I wish you the repose of a good conscience. My lady, I kiss your fair hands." He moved, smiling, to take one. But my lady sprang up, a dim pale form in the gloom, and her eyes were flashing.

"Not mine, sir! I had given you another answer."

"Your courage matches your beauty," Beaujeu laughed, bowing again.

"Ay, sir, 'tis your hour," cried my lady. "But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

"I think I have thanked you to-night," said Beaujeu sharply, and on that went out.

My lady flashed round on her lord :

"Faith, my lord, that is a man. Before you crossed him he was perhaps a gentleman. You were never either."

My lord Sunderland smiled. "At least, child, I was never a fool," said he. He sat down and laughed long and low.

"Ay, laugh!" said my lady through her teeth.

"I laugh at him, child ——" My lord looked at her in some surprise. "Who could have hoped for a gentleman so obliging? Oh, lud, your heroics!" For her eyes flashed at him, her breath came fast. "I resign him the glory with good will—and keep the spoils. Sure, my lady, you have seen our dangers. Either the fool James would ruin me because I would not have him ruin himself—or ruin us all together. Obey him, deny him, 'twas still disaster for us. I have seen it months past, and found no remedy till to-night. Now I obey his Majesty in all things, and the deluge may come, for we have our ark. 'Tis indeed an obliging gentleman in blue velvet. But confess, child, here"—my lord tapped his narrow chest—"here is his master," and my lord laughed softly.

My lady stared at him for a while—then laughed. "I trust, my lord, I'll not be tied to you in the next world," says she.

CHAPTER XXIII

WOMEN AND MEN

LADY D'ABERNON with her coach and eight and her daughter was come to town, to the common distress of her daughter, the coach, and the eight. For the roads were very grievous in that wet summer, and Mistress Nelly d'Abernon protested that town gentlemen were harder to bear than the dampest countryside.

Lady d'Abernon, tight clad in crimson, was consoling herself with a sermon by Dr. South; Mistress Nell, in drooping robes of pale blue, embroidered a sampler, till: "La, ma'am, I cannot bear another stitch," she cried, and put down the silk with a bang and sprang up, her brown curls adance in the light. Lady d'Abernon lifted pained eyes from Dr. South and sighed with ostentation. "I wonder that Jack does not come, do not you?" said Nelly with her head on one side to regard her mother.

Lady d'Abernon drew down the corners of her mouth. "Even Mr. Dane would scarce dare do that," said she severely.

"Indeed, are we so ill thought on, ma'am?"

"I mean, child," Lady d'Abernon kindly explained, "that a youth whose vicious courses constrained his father to cut him off ——"

"Oh faith, I have heard 'twas he cut off his father."

"You are foolish and pert, Helen. How could a son cut off his father? Will you never learn that 'tis not witty to be ludicrous?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Nell with a demure curtsy, "'tis often I tell myself so. I think I have need."

"Persons of breeding," said Lady d'Abernon didactically, "may choose to laugh. But they will despise you."

"Oh nay, I trust, ma'am."

"I say that it is so, child. I think that I am old enough to know. I may tell you that a man in such ill fame as Mr. Dane is not like to dare present himself to a lady of reputation."

"Perhaps, ma'am, he does not know that we are that," said Nell in a small child's voice.

"Helen!" said her mother fiercely.

"He does not know us very well, you know."

"You may be assured that he is not like to know us better. I do not receive Mr. Dane. I have not informed him that we are come to town."

"I was afraid you'd forget it, ma'am. So I did."

Lady d'Abernon threw up her plump white hands. "Helen!" she cried and turned her eyes to the ceiling. "You wrote to him?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. I know he can read."

"To write"—Lady d'Abernon gasped in horror—"in the worst fame—a Whig—you, a maid in your teens."

"La, 'tis no fault of mine, that," cried Nell, and went on hastily, "and do you know, I'll not believe all the stories about Jack."

"All the stories?" Lady d'Abernon's voice rose high. "Helen! You have never heard them?"

A faint blush stained Nell's cheek and neck. "Indeed, ma'am, if I have 'tis blame to you," she said in a low voice. Lady d'Abernon stammered. "Yes to you. You chose to leave me with my lord Sherborne. Oh, 'tis a gallant gentleman! He thought my ears fit for his stories." Her blush grew darker. "Yes, ma'am, they were horrible—and I choose not believe one word of all. Not one word!" She stamped her foot.

"I had never thought the like of my lord Sherborne," said Lady d'Abernon tearfully. "He is in the best favour at Court. Sure, you must have mistook him, child."

"Am I a fool, ma'am?" said Nell sharply.

"I wish you were more like me." Lady d'Abernon was plaintive and wiping her eyes. "Ah, when I was a girl we had not dared speak so to our mothers nor to think of such things."

Nell's little red mouth quivered; she succumbed to the temptation. "As mothers?" she inquired naïvely. "La, ma'am, they are innocent creatures."

"Helen!" Lady d'Abernon endeavoured to stare her daughter into shame.

But Nell laughed gaily. "Alas, poor Jack! I wonder he dare live with such enemies. I think I will be his friend, ma'am, for charity."

"You will be what I bid you, Helen," said her mother majestically.

Nell dropped a curtsy. "God bade me be a woman, ma'am—" she hesitated, a quaint little smile dimpling her cheek—"and—why—I think 'tis only men may bid women."

"Helen! 'Tis profane and unseemly ——"

"But alack, ma'am, nature!"

Lady d'Abernon made a curious noise in her chest. "Be silent, child!" she said hoarsely. She was crimson of face.

"I had done, indeed," said Nell, and sat down, and with some ostentation began to write a billet. Lady d'Abernon glared at her over the top of the sermon by Dr. South.

At the same hour my lord Sherborne stood under the passion-flower by the door of the little house beyond St. Martin's. To the garden gate behind him came a light coach. The house door was opened wide enough to display the red face of a maid; from the coach door issued my lady Sunderland in pink.

"Please you, my lord, my mistress will not receive you," said the maid.

"Thou impudent wench!" cried my lord, and put his shoulder against the door. The plump maid withstood him.

And my lady Sunderland was coming through the garden. My lady lifted her ebony staff and tapped my lord on the shoulder from afar. "Holà, rogue," says she. My lord turned hastily, crimson of face, and glared. "Lud, I am abashed," laughed my lady and swept on. "Your mistress will receive me, girl," says she in another tone, and the maid opened the door. My lord was for following her in when my lady swept round upon him. "I leave my lacqueys without, my lord," said she; and then turning again, "Shut the door, girl."

So my lady came alone and magnificent, to the little green room. Mistress Charlbury fell before her in a low curtsy of ceremony. But my lady laughed: "La, child, I am neither the queen nor your grandmother," and put her hand in Rose's

arm and drew her to a settle. "Sure, you know I have no reverence for reverences."

"You are kind, my lady."

"I am 'my lady' to my enemies, Rose. Let me rest from it here, at least." She looked into the girl's dark eyes. "Faith, 'tis a respite to find two eyes that will look at me fairly." And with that excuse for staring my lady discovered that the eyes were duller, the dainty features marked in sharper line than of old. "But what is't that dims this, child?" and my lady tapped the pale cheek. "Are you sick of love or other matters?" The pale cheek was swiftly aflame. My lady let her wrist fall on Rose's shoulder; her fingers hung down, and the girl's uneasy bosom beat against them.

"No. I am not ill," said Rose.

"Nay, then, 'tis the pure romantic pallor!" my lady laughed, and she drooped her lashes. Rose was leaning forward a little, looking straight before her. My lady remarked how large, how dark were her eyes. Her bosom still stirred my lady's finger-tips. "I'll engage 'tis a lover's quarrel," my lady drawled.

Rose turned upon her. "Since I have no lover, my lady, I have no quarrel," she cried.

"Now to see my lord Sherborne's face I would say you had both," my lady murmured, unmoved.

"I'll thank you, my lady, not to name my lord Sherborne to me," cried Rose flushing.

"La, you child! Now 'tis a fine gentleman—and they say he has some youthful vigour left yet—and I know he has still a crown or two—and (faith, 'tis the crowning miracle of him) I think he means you honestly."

"And I am to love him for that?" said Rose quietly, and her lip curled.

"Oh, lud, I never bade woman love man yet. So 'tis M. de Beaujeu is the favoured swain, Rose? Who is he, this M. de Beaujeu?" My lady's delicate finger-tips marked the girl's bosom rest still.

"Faith, my lady, I engage the French gentleman thinks even less of me than I of him."

"It is possible," my lady murmured, looking from under her eyelashes. "But I have an interest in the gentleman, child. Who is he?"

"You, my lady?" cried Rose. "Why, then?"

"Why perhaps he has made his addresses to me, Rose. Who knows?"

Rose turned to stare. My lady met her with a benevolent smile. Then Rose laughed: "Indeed if he had I think you would be alone among women, my lady."

"Is it so chaste a soul, in faith?" my lady drawled. "Lud, are you so sure of him?" and she paused to laugh. "But, faith, 'tis a curst mysterious gentleman, child. Whence did he come, or why?"

"'Tis a Huguenot gentleman of Auvergne, exile for his faith," said Rose glibly.

"You think so? Do you know they have never heard of this exile in Paris?" My lady's finger-tips felt the girl's bosom start. My lady turned a little. "Mark me now, child," says she. "Do you recall an old flame of yours—before you were the talk of the town—a Tom Dane? Ah, I see that you do. 'Twas a rogue that bolted from the tipstaffs——"

"Sure, I am little like to forget him!" cried Rose. "He called me 'Delila'!"

"A venomous cub, faith! Thinking you had betrayed him?"

"Yes," said Rose blushing, then caught my lady's hand. "But indeed, indeed I had not," she cried.

"La, should I doubt you! But this true lover did, it seems? Cast you off at the first trouble? Reviled you before the tipstaffs? Lud, a dainty fine gentleman!"

"You can guess how I hate him," said Rose in a low voice.

"Poor child," says my lady patting her shoulder, "poor

child. A mean rogue, faith. 'Twould be my delight to see him hanged. Now child, do you know 'tis whispered this same rascal has dared come back to England in the body of M. de Beaujeu?"

"M. de Beaujeu?" cried Rose. "M. de Beaujeu is Mr. Dane? La, they are no more like than my lord Sherborne and my lord Sunderland, than—than the King and yourself."

"Thank God, 'tis a reasonable unlikeness, that!" cried my lady laughing. "*Bien*, 'tis pity. I would rejoice to hang Mr. Dane for your sake—and not grieve to hang this Beaujeu for his own."

"Faith, I resign you Mr. Dane gladly, my lady. But I protest I have found M. de Beaujeu an honest gentleman."

"Now have you?" said lady Sunderland sharply, and then yawned. "Heigho—give me some tea in charity. I must needs go see Mistress Evelyn, who will give it me with religion—watery both."

So my lady having had her entertainment, had her tea, and departed. Mistress Rose attended her to the door of her coach, and my lady looked at her curiously and long. My lady was reflecting that she had probably met love that day. The acquaintance was novel and interesting.

And at the same hour M. de Beaujeu devoted himself to reflection and tobacco. All was going well and very well. The great gentlemen had been admirably scared by the King, and they suffered themselves to be manœuvred as readily as his own old regiment of Irish. His schemes were fulfilled easily, precisely as if he were playing chess. M. de Beaujeu conceived that Providence—himself—might for a moment turn its gaze aside. He desired to consider his private affairs.

The mind of M. de Beaujeu, if not equal to my lord Sunderland's in subtlety, had a turn for the discovery of motive. That mind was much exercised by the last word of my lady Sunderland: "Ay, sir, 'tis your hour. But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

Why this eagerness to remind him? Sure he had shown

them well enough (he smiled) that he had not forgotten their kindness. My lady could scarce hope or desire to magnify his hate. But being a woman desiring only to wound, she might strike madly. "In effect she is not so much a woman," muttered Beaujeu with a grin, and then frowned.

There was one way to explain my lady. M. de Beaujeu, seeing it very clearly, for long declined to confess that he saw it at all. At last (he wriggled in his chair) he put it fairly. My lady would have him believe Rose was false because Rose was true. That—that would be entirely like Sunderland or his lady. To lead him of his own sole deed to damn himself to unhappiness (M. de Beaujeu thinking of himself became eloquent) what triumph for them! Suppose for one brief instant that Sunderland had not bought Rose—that the girl (oh, miracle!) was true—that M. de Beaujeu might yet learn it, and so come to content in her embraces. Why, then was there plentiful cause for my lady Sunderland (who must hate him vastly) to do her possible to convince him the girl was false. If false she were indeed, my lady was more like to declare her true. My lady would laugh to see him embrace a wench that had sold him. Also my lady would laugh to see him spurn a girl that loved him truly. My lady had desired him to spurn the girl. Then——?

So M. de Beaujeu, conceiving he had quite sounded the profundity of my lady, who had intended him to think just that.

But, faith, how could man believe the girl was aught but a cheat? Beaujeu lived over again that seven-years-old afternoon, had attained to his final glory, "Delila, good-night," when intruded suddenly an echo of Mr. Healy's voice: "I doubt you were mightily like your cousin."

It was not in the least agreeable to Beaujeu to be mightily like his cub of a cousin. But in fact they had said the same thing. With vastly different cause though, begad! Without the girl's lure he had not been easily taken: without her letter there had been no evidence. No. There was no like-

ness at all. No man in his place but would have thought her false. Jack was a vain and surly cub, and quite precisely the effects of his vanity and surliness had been calculated. There was the whole world of difference.

But to consider the matter abstractly—to judge it without passion. Slowly—very slowly—M. de Beaujeu (whose pipe went out on the way) came to admit a theoretical possibility that he had been wrong. It was (in theory) to be conceived that Rose had been true. But if so, begad, the chance and change of the afternoon had been most marvellous unlucky. No man could be blamed for judging her false. Sure, if true she was, she was the most unfortunate wench alive—'twas the most damnable appearance of guilt that ever deceived an honest man.

An honest man? Eh, if the honest man had in fact been deceived, he had done some curious things, this same honest man. It must be confessed the wench had cause of complaint, poor soul. Bah, why not be honest? Why not confess that if she were true he had been a knave to her, a very foul —

There came a tap at the door, and at once the dainty grace of Mistress Leigh. M. de Beaujeu put down his pipe and started up to stand before her stiff and soldierly. Mistress Leigh acknowledged his politeness in a curtsy so long and low that it seemed she was never to rise again.

"I trust I can serve you?" said Beaujeu.

"Oh, faith! I'd not presume to dare to trouble you," Mistress Leigh murmured, with downcast eyes.

"Pray believe that it will be my pleasure to do whatever you desire of me."

"It will be so, indeed. For I desire nothing of you," and Mistress Leigh exalted her little chin in the air. "I had hoped that I would find Mr. Healy."

"I am reduced to suppose that I have offended you," Beaujeu remarked.

"La, monsieur, does a worm take offence at God?"

"You will doubtless perceive, mademoiselle, that you are unjust to me."

"Oh, lud, are you greater than God?"

"May I hope to hear what is your quarrel with me?" Beaujeu inquired gravely.

"Would one in your power dare quarrel with you? Oh, monsieur, with you! Nay, indeed, we must crawl before you!"

Beaujeu stood stiffer still. "If I have been discourteous I pray your pardon. With the baseness of your taunt I do not reproach myself."

It was a vastly irritating gentleman who had not a temper to lose. So Mistress Leigh broke out upon him with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "Reproach yourself? Did I dream that you would, monsieur? Not with any baseness—till you esteem something besides your own magnificence." Mistress Leigh had the un hoped-for pleasure of seeing a shade of colour pass to his thin cheeks. He stared at her.

The door opened and Mr. Healy entered whistling. Beaujeu glanced round, then bowed to Mistress Leigh, and: "Mademoiselle requires you, Healy," said he, and went out.

"And do you that now?" said Healy, smiling at her red face.

Mistress Leigh tossed her little head. "The French gentleman is pleased to be witty," says she in a small contemptuous voice.

"Why, would he not quarrel with you, neither? Sure we will break your heart between us."

"Quarrel? La no! He'd but insult me, knowing I dare not answer him lest he should give us up."

Mr. Healy's smile vanished: Mr. Healy approached her, looked into the fierce bright eyes and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear lass," says he, "why will you lower yourself to talk so?"

In a moment her eyes fell, a darker blush than anger's flooded her face. "I—I pray your pardon, Mr. Healy," she stammered.

"I would like your hand on it," said Healy smiling.

It was given timidly, then surrounded by his long sinewy fingers. The girl looked up "I have talked just to hurt," she said, blushing still, but meeting his eyes.

"'Tis a truculent maid that you are, indeed. You should cultivate gillyflowers. 'Tis calming to the passions. Did you ever note the placidity of a pipkin, now?" So Mr. Healy, smiling at her, and the girl pressed his hand.

"I am," said she, "horrible."

At which Mr. Healy burst out laughing. "Sure, you are a Gorgon entirely," says he, and the round cheeks were persuaded to dimple. "Will you come now and look at a pipkin?"

"I doubt I am unworthy, sir." Mr. Healy offered his arm. "Nay, but indeed I had something to say."

"Is it peace, now?" said Mr. Healy laughing.

"I fear 'tis not." Mr. Healy assumed an aspect of great fear. "Nay, sir, pray listen." Her blue eyes were wide and very serious. "For the second day at least I have marked a man watching the house ——"

"My dear," says Mr. Healy, "he may watch till he wears out his two eyes."

But Mistress Leigh, who knew nought of Beaujeu's acquisition of Sunderland, was not satisfied. "But, Mr. Healy, I doubt 'tis for us he watches ——"

"I will cast my eye upon him," said Mr. Healy.

They went out, and Mr. Healy was turning to the stairs when the girl opened the door of her own room. "'Tis only from this window. He lurks behind the buttress," she said over her shoulder. Mr. Healy stood on the threshold a moment, then strode into the little white room. His sharp eyes puckered to peer through the sunlight; then he chuckled.

"Sure, 'tis an ancient acquaintance," says he. "I will go salute him." Mistress Leigh opened the casement.

She beheld Mr. Healy go forth to the street. She heard

Mr. Healy remark: "Jack, my dear, come out of your box." She saw the spy hurry away up the street. She heard Mr. Healy cry, "Convey my private salutations to Lord Sherborne." And then she came out to meet Mr. Healy on the stairs. "'Tis purely a private friendship of Beaujeu's," said Mr. Healy.

"And no danger?"

Mr. Healy laughed. "'Tis an adequate gentleman, our Beaujeu. Will you come to my pipkins now?"

"All unworthy, sir," says Mistress Leigh, with a little mocking curtsy.

So they came to the fragrant window, and: "'God Almighty first planted a garden,'" says Mr. Healy, after my Lord Bacon.

"But not in pipkins," the girl murmured demurely.

"Sure, there were merits in Eden," Mr. Healy agreed. "Two folks could scarce house in a pipkin."

"But at least they would have no room for the serpent."

"Faith, I doubt if the serpent gentleman visits at all without invitation." Mr. Healy stooped to cut a dark flower.

"And do you think you could keep him out of your Eden, sir?"

Mr. Healy stood up with the flower in his hand. He smiled down at the fair roguish face, at her bright blue eyes. The light was falling, a wonder of glory, on the red gold of her hair, and beneath it her neck was white. Mr. Healy laid his hand gently on her little thin arm where the lace fell away from it. "My dear lass," says he softly, "I would be asking you that. Do you think I could keep the serpent beyond the hedge?"

"I doubt it depends on your Eve, sir," says Mistress Nancy Leigh, laughing at him.

"Faith, 'tis so!" Mr. Healy agreed and bent over her.

"La, sir! And when there are dead leaves to be looked for!" cried the girl starting back. "See now!" and she pointed one fair finger to a leaf garishly yellow, afar.

"Sure, I was forgetting my duty altogether," says Healy smiling at her, and put down his flower and moved solemnly to the offending leaf.

Mistress Leigh and the flower departed together.

Mr. Healy turned round again: "Oh Eve, Eve!" said he aloud—and heard the ripple of a laugh.

(To be continued)

Basement

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